

In the midst of Life—We are in Death

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

The King is Dead



King George V.

Long Live the King



King Edward VIII.



On Wednesday—apparently in perfect health—the King was out talking to his tenants. On Monday—at midnight—THE KING WAS DEAD.

THE KING'S FAVOURITE HYMN

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide,
When other helpers fail and comforts flee
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see
(O) Thou who changest not abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
His might no weight and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where grave thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Singe through the gloom and point me to the skies.
How often breaks and earth's vain shadows flee
In me, in death, oh Lord, abide with me.

Reprinted from the Daily Mail.

The People's Sorrow

THE silver cord is loosed; the golden bowl is broken. The life of England, the life of the Empire, pauses in the sacred hush of grief. In the cities and hamlets of Britain, on the frontiers of civilisation in Africa, in Australia, in Canada, in the shadow of the age-old temples of India, men and women stand in the shadow of personal bereavement, mourning their King.

All the meaning of that bereavement cannot be realised now, when the hearts of all King George's subjects are numbed by the sudden blow. Only when the nation turns back to its daily life without him will it be fully understood in what innumerable ways he had made himself an intimate part of his people's joys and sorrows.

The King is Dead.

Long Live the King!

More than loyalty, more than gratitude, more than pride, it is love that stands first in the hearts of a sorrowing Empire to-day. Having loved their King with true devotion, the British peoples can understand a little of a grief yet deeper than theirs. In the contemplation of a perfect marriage, every thought of the King has been also a thought of the Queen; with one accord the sympathy of sorrowing millions is offered to her Majesty in her irreparable loss.

One word more. The world goes on, and will not wait upon our grief. The King is dead. Long live the King! In the dark shadow of the loss of the father who had brought him up in his own noble ideal of public service, King Edward VIII. enters upon his high and sacred charge. All the nations of his Empire, knowing him, trusting him, praying for his long life and prosperity, take him now "to father and to lord."

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The Captains and the Kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

**

Vale!

The shadow of grief lies over the whole Empire. Nothing could be more eloquent of the sense of personal loss felt by every member of the community than the unanimous tributes paid to our late Sovereign by newspapers of every shade of opinion, and by foreign nationals irrespective of the present relations between their country and our own.

It may truthfully be said that King George V had no enemies. He was in every sense of the word a peacemaker. He had to a remarkable degree the faculty of bringing warring factions among his subjects together and helping them to settle their differences. That he was able to do so was because he had created in the mind of everyone, by his high personal character, self-sacrifice in the interests of his Empire and devotion to duty, a trust and confidence such as has been enjoyed by few kings in history.

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His passing has left a wound in the heart of the nation which time alone will heal: but the keynote of feeling to-day is not so much the loss of a National hero as of a personal friend. Each individual has the sense that he has lost someone who was not only dear but peculiarly his own. This may be partially because modern inventions such as wireless and photographically illustrated

newspapers have brought the image of the Sovereign and even his voice within the sight and hearing of all his subjects.

The true reason lies very much deeper.

**

George the Faithful

In the last crisis of his reign he rose once more as the calm, reliant leader. When the new Government decreed that cuts must come, the King offered his own cut. But foremost among those who spoke for a remission for others of those severities was the King.

He kept faithfully his sphere as constitutional monarch: but poorest Britain will recall that unofficial cry when, turning to his Prime Minister on a state occasion, he said impetuously: "My God! Can't you restore the cuts?"

So he came to his Jubilee, and to the greatest spontaneous outburst of affection that this country has ever paid its monarch.

They say he wept with humble gratitude when he returned with the Queen to the Palace after he had driven through his capital to give thanks to God that He had spared him to do such service.

They say that when he drove with the Queen through the meanest streets, decked to honour them, he said again and again. "I never knew, I never knew, that the people cared for us like this."

He strove, and perfectly succeeded, in his Christmas broadcast speeches to express his own feeling of devotion to his people.

"I am only the head of this great family, a man, God help me, called to great and grave responsibility," he said a month ago, and found in every heart the deep response, "GOD BLESS THE KING."

So he passes to the rest of men and kings, a splendid, upright gentleman, a father, husband,

man beyond reproach, a King whom history will name **GEORGE THE FAITHFUL**.

Daily Express.

**

A Great Gentleman

His reign has been a troubled one of fierce political contentions, of terrible and ruinous war, of economic upheaval and social unrest, and of anxious foreign relationships. Through all these ordeals, his steady and unifying influence has been felt, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Though every age is of necessity an age of transition, the passage has seldom been as palpable and as profound as that which is marked by the quarter-century of King George's Reign. It is only necessary to glance back to that pre-War world which seemed so fixed, as by a changeless decree, to know how little of the old order has not suffered a sea-change. It would have been a miracle if the strain of such an experience had not told on one who, by reason of his august position, had had no relief from the anxiety and tension, and who had not only shared his people's cares and troubles, but had borne them as if they were his own. Well might he have said, with one of his Royal ancestors, "Let me but bear your love: I'll bear your cares."

**

One of His People

Though his Royal Father set a great example which it was not easy to emulate, King George may truthfully be said to have not only equalled but bettered it. He has been sagacious in counsel, firm and tactful in his constitutionalism, and unfailing in his devotion to the high duty imposed on him. He has been more than this. He has been one of his people and with his people in the simple affections of his personal life, and in the thoroughly English manner of his living. King George V probably prized his own hearth above all the gauds of Courts, and the interests of an English countryside were nearer to his heart than all the beauties of a foreign panorama. His recreations were English, his sense of responsibility was English, and wherever he went through the Empire, abroad and at home, he represented that British sense of honour of which he was in the truest sense the fountain. He won popularity without courting it, for he wore his Crown always with dignity and always with reserve. It was the worth of his character and the wideness of his sympathies which won the heart of a reserved and critical race.

**

Britain Is Proud

We were always proud of King George V as a truly sailor King, who knew how to handle a destroyer before ever the shadow of the Throne fell across his life. We were proud of him as a great

gentleman, who never by word or act cheapened the name of gentleman, and we were proud of him as a Monarch who knew how to be royal, and a King who knew how to be a democrat. But we were never more proud, or more justly proud, than when the long years of war tested and shook the very basis of Royalty in the civilised world. The Throne of England survived like a rock, and became stronger, not weaker, in the ties of loyalty by which it must always be supported. That was because King George, completely at one with all his people, never shirked a duty, and never made a theatrical gesture in all these years. He did not pretend, when the grim ordeal of war came, to command in person victorious armies, or to lead victorious fleets to battle. He never advertised himself, and never spared himself. He never lost his courage, and he always trusted his people. He visited his troops at the front and gave comfort to the wounded at home; he shared not only the anxieties, but the actual privations of war; he moved everywhere with composure, dignity, and affection.

Morning Post.

**

He Served to Rule

The nation to-day, without distinction of party or of class, pays tribute to its dead King.

It was the lot of George V to be head of the British State during one of the most fateful periods of its history. It was his lot to be a King in years when the institution of Kingship vanished from a large portion of the world.

The highest tribute to his personal qualities is the historical fact that in those years the position of the monarchy, not only in Britain but throughout the British Empire, was strengthened.

He was singularly free from the vanities, from the exalted conceptions of Kingship which infected and helped to ruin his cousins of Germany and Russia.

**

Monarch—and Democrat

His reign was a period of rapid and remarkable changes; and he had the high gift of ability not merely to adapt himself to, but to identify himself with, those changes.

He realised better than any of his predecessors the true function of monarchy in a democratic nation and a democratic age. He was not merely content, he was proud, to play the part of Chief of the State in a nation which has, not inaccurately, been called a "crowned republic."

While other Kings and Emperors struggled to retain personal power, and found only disaster and a tragic end, George V frankly, and with a high sense of realism, abandoned all personal ambition and set himself the ideal of being the first servant of the State.

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He was wisely satisfied with the influence over affairs which his own qualities and his long and intimate experience gave him.

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Why He Succeeded

His relations with his Ministers of all Parties were perfect. His experience was always at their service. His views were frankly stated. But he would always loyally accept and implement their decisions and act definitely on their advice.

Nor did he ever allow a difference of opinion to affect the complete cordiality of the personal friendship which he established with them.

His qualities were those of an average Englishman called to a high and difficult task and doing his honest best to carry out that task.

His devotion, his energy, and his industry were beyond praise. Perhaps his success was precisely due to the fact that he so well represented and typified the average Englishman of his day.

There was indeed a remarkable identity between him and the people over whom he reigned.

Daily Herald.

**

Trials Nobly Shared

The King has not had an easy life, but one likes to think that it was happiest at the two best ends, in youth and at its close.

But between these two periods there were great and heaving seas of trouble.

But all this time his prestige, both personal and in virtue of his office, rose steadily. King George grew constantly in the love of his people through years in which a single slip might have had the gravest consequences. Partly the very gravity of the times may have helped; there is no cement of affection so strong as the memory of trials nobly shared.

Another cause for which King George has not been given enough credit was his rare accomplishment in the art of constitutional kingship. No one pretends that his was a masterful intellect, or even an overpowering personality; but, as the event proved, he did understand his work as a constitutional monarch better than anyone else in history. Nor, as time will show, was his art merely obsequious to events; he made more history than most people know.

**

Causes of Success

But greatest of all of the causes of his success was his own character. As King and as man he was good and dutiful. His nature, like his personal tastes, was simple; his emotions were strong, simple and direct, and he ruled others so well because he knew how to rule himself.

He inspired love because his own warm and kindly nature could love his fellow men. He was a leader of men not because he imposed his will, but because he knew how to bring alike out of his ministers and people all the good that was in them.

Daily Sketch.

**

An Empire's Love

Through all these years of cataclysmic change, of ceaseless experiment, of sacrifice and loss and glory, the nation and Empire have looked in every crisis to their head, and have never looked in vain.

More than loyalty, more than gratitude, more than pride, it is love that stands first in the hearts of a sorrowing Empire to-day. Having loved their King with true devotion, the British peoples can understand a little of a grief yet deeper than theirs. In the contemplation of a perfect marriage, every thought of the King has been also a thought of the Queen; with one accord the sympathy of sorrowing millions is offered to her Majesty in her irreparable loss.

One word more. The world goes on, and will not wait upon our grief. The King is dead. Long live the King! In the dark shadow of the loss of the father who had brought him up in his own noble ideal of public service, King Edward VIII enters upon his high and sacred charge. All the nations of his Empire, knowing him, trusting him, praying for his long life and prosperity, take him now "to father and to lord."

Daily Mail.

**

A GENTLEMAN OF ENGLAND

*God rest his soul, this Gentleman of England
Who was our wise exemplar and our friend,
The well-loved father of his countless peoples,
Monarch and servant, faithful to the end.*

*His was true greatness, of that noblest order
That never seeks its own but others' good;
His was a heart at once both proud and humble,
A heart that knew, and felt, and understood.*

*The voice that spoke to us with words of comfort,
Hope and high courage in the cause of Peace;
Is now for ever silent, but its echoes
Ring in our memories and shall not cease.*

*He loved not power; his tastes were for the simple,
The true, the honest and the decent thing;
Ever more careful to be kind than kingly,
And—for that same sweet grace—the greater king.*

*He lies at anchor now . . . a sailor sleeping . . .
His gentle spirit in his Captain's keeping.*

PELTON KEANE.

"This Royal Throne of King



H.M. THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

"HE had done his work and held his peace and had no fear to die!" These words from Rudyard Kipling's last dedication to his father might have been written for the epitaph of King George who, as the Queen's message to Mrs. Kipling shows, regarded the Empire Laureate as a personal friend. Only three days passed between their deaths.

Those of us, in whose lives three British Sovereigns have died, are bound to compare the circumstances in which each reign ended. Who was of age to remember January 1901 can forget the cold, drizzling evening when the death of Queen Victoria was announced? There were very few people still living who had before known the death of a Sovereign and Queen Victoria represented in her person far more of this country and its Empire than ever any Sovereign had represented before.

When the Queen died, the Archbishop of Canterbury said, "thousands upon thousands are living better lives simply because there has been such a Sovereign on the Throne."

It seemed like the end of the world. It was hard to believe that the British Monarchy could continue without the great Queen.

Edward VII, wise in his knowledge of men and women and his experience of affairs, carried on the tradition which Queen Victoria had set and widened its meaning.

THE GIFT OF POPULARITY

It was King Edward's task to extend the idea of the British Monarchy and its ideals from the Empire itself to the whole world. King Edward VII won the name of "the well-beloved" from all the Nations and may his grandson, our present King, emulate his gift of popularity throughout the world.

When Queen Victoria died, there was a legend that the Prince of Wales had declared that his son would be the last British King. In those days there was an idea that anything might happen after Queen Victoria's death and, in the next generation, even a republic might be possible. King Edward's grandson has acceded to the Throne and there is no word of anything but loyalty to Monarchy. The idea of a republic in this country simply does not occur to anybody.

The hold which the Royal Family has strengthened on the love of our people owes much to King George V. When he came to the Throne he was regarded abroad as an unknown quantity. So far as Great Britain was concerned, it was enough that he was a Sailor King.

On the Continent it was held that no Monarch could ever take the place of King Edward whose wide sympathy and deep experience of humanity enabled him to understand the subtlest points of character and diplomacy.

Characteristically, King George, nobly assisted by the Queen, went quietly to work. Gradually the world discovered that the King and Queen were very real factors in their country's policy.

In France the full understanding of their real, but secret, influence came in the spring of 1914. Then they came to Paris and won the heart of France in a few hours. The shadow of war was looming black on the horizon. Germany had already decided to strike before the year was out and it was natural that Frenchmen should welcome, with special warmth, the Sovereign of the country which was to be their ally in a world struggle. But after the King and Queen had spent 24 hours in Paris the reception given to them expressed something far more than this. The cheers which

..... This England"

BY

H. WARNER ALLEN, C.B.E.

greeted them in the streets, at the Opera and in the Great Review expressed a feeling of personal affection which had grown suddenly out of something magnetic in their personalities.

The Parisians at that time adored the memory of King Edward whom they regarded as one of themselves, a true Boulevardier, such a man as they would have made king if he had been born a Frenchman. They respected King George, but they did not know him and thought that he probably suffered from "le flegme britannique."

Then he and the Queen came to Paris. It was lovely spring weather. The horse chestnuts in the Champs Elysées were at their best. The Queen wore Paris hats and Paris gowns and her good looks and smartness carried away the Paris crowd. The King, ever-smiling and ever-tactful, did just the right thing on every occasion. The Boulevard talked with pride and admiration of his wit and French accent and told stories of the royal ease and courtesy with which he had joked with the President, discussed politics with the Premier and paid a pretty compliment to the inevitable child with the bouquet. "Vive le Roi" was cried as heartily in the streets as ever it was in the days of Edward VII.

It may be said of George V that he was the first English Sovereign, since George II, to be present on the battlefield with his troops. The battlefields of the Great War were widespread and deep, and the King never missed an opportunity of crossing over to France to encourage his men. It was on the Front that his horse fell with him, and he

suffered injuries from which he never fully recovered. When the great German offensive was at its height in 1918 and all seemed lost, he seized the opportunity of another visit to the Front and cheered our hard-pressed troops by joining himself in the shout of "Are we down-hearted?"

Those who were honoured by receiving decorations from his hand will remember the amazing tact with which he would set them at ease by a few quiet words on some matter which showed that he was acutely aware of their interests and careers. They left his presence with a strange feeling that their humble affairs really concerned His Majesty.

It was said in the *Saturday Review*, at the time of King George's accession, that "no Sovereign has ever had such close personal knowledge of the British Dominions beyond the seas." That knowledge was used to the utmost to further the cause of union and sympathy throughout the British Dominions. His son and successor has perhaps even a closer personal knowledge of those Dominions reflecting the increased ease of communication between the various parts of the Empire. To him the whole world looks "to make straight in the desert a highway" of Peace and Honour.

In bidding the earth rest lightly on King George, we must acknowledge with deep gratitude the burden that he has borne. We can but accept Shakespeare's verdict in the words of King Henry V.:

"Upon the king!—let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins lay on the king! We must bear all.
O hard condition, twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own
wringing!
What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect
That private men enjoy!"



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, the heart of the Empire

GOD SAVET



OUR NAVAL KING

King Edward the Eighth—God bless him! It seems strange at first to think of our Prince—if we may affectionately speak of him in such terms without seeming disrespectful—as King Edward. In fact it is difficult to think of the slight, wistful figure, now called to the throne, as a man who has seen his forty second birthday, because he gives the impression of being so much younger. None the less beneath the youthful surface, beneath his retiring manner, and his keen anxiety to be whenever possible unaffectedly one of the people, the King is grave beyond his years.

He comes to the Throne in a troubled hour. All the world is unsettled, and the fear of strife is

uppermost in all men's minds. Feverish piling up of armaments, threats of war, the lurking danger to the Empire of which he is now Emperor, do not provide a roseate background as he succeeds his beloved father, King George. It is a time such as never before when the King of England needs to be strong, to command the confidence of his millions of subjects, and to make them feel that the Throne stands like a rock round which they can rally. For who will deny when there is a national danger looming ahead that in the last resort it is not to the Ministers of the Crown the great masses look, but to the King? To them he is not a mere figure-head, but their King and they feel sure that the influence of the Crown will make itself felt in a wise and far seeing manner for their salvation.

**HIS PEOPLE
TRUST HIM**

Accordingly, even though the old saying be true, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a Crown," King Edward begins his reign with the certain knowledge that he knows his people as no other monarch has ever known them before, and they know him, they trust him, they love him. His career as a boy, a youth, and a man has always shown above all things his devotion to duty. As the Prince of Wales "Ich Dien" was no empty motto. He has lived up to it from the days when he first emerged from the nursery and his tutor's hands and began his public career in the Navy as a midshipman. The story of his life has been so fully told to the world, in the last few days especially, that it is rather of his character I would speak, of him as a man, of his determination, his sincerity, his horror of shams and snobs, his modesty, his insatiable thirst for knowledge of everything which would fit him ultimately for the Throne, his kind-heartedness and sympathy for the under-dog, his lack of vanity, and by no means least, his courage.

Of his courage it is almost trite to speak. We all know his determination to go to the Front when the war broke out, how he told Lord Kitchener that even if he was shot, he had four brothers, and of Kitchener's famous reply that if he were certain he would be shot he didn't know he would have a right to restrain him, but what he could not permit was the danger of his being taken prisoner. Nothing daunted the Prince persevered, joined Lord French's staff, and led his chiefs a pretty dance in France and Italy with his habit of slipping away to advanced parts of the line.

On many occasions he was under fire, and every ex-Service man adored him because of his gallant conduct and his democratic behaviour. He wanted

THE KING

BY . . .
COMYNS BEAUMONT

to be no more than any other officer, and seemed to be half ashamed of being a royal Prince, fussed and pampered if they could do it, while his men were bleeding and suffering. It was not his fault if he never came back to "Blighty" with a "packet." Many ex-Service men can remember him in those days, no fancy Prince, but wearing a uniform the worse for wear, a tin hat askew, a gas-mask on his chest, riding a dirty push-bike, and then would come a cheery word or joke in soldier's language, and a cigarette case offered. "In those four years," said he simply at the Guildhall, "I found my manhood."

He hunted and steeple-chased, and rode high-spirited horses. More than once he was within an ace of breaking his neck, until at last the parental hand forbade that kind of thing, when he gave up his beloved hunting without a murmur. Ich Dien! He was one of the pioneers of flying and the air has no terrors for him. The Prince of Wales walked, almost unattended, amongst rough men, angry Anarchists and Socialists, out-of-works, and the poorest of the down-and-outs scores and scores of times and met them unaffectedly as man to man. He always won. The poorest people up and down the country are perhaps his greatest admirers of all.

FRIEND OF THE UNEMPLOYED

He knows his people as no other kings have known them and, I would add, no Ministers. He has mixed with them in their sorrows, visited the distressed areas to see for himself. He toured the country three years ago to assist the Unemployed Clubs, the movement he himself largely inaugurated to enable unemployed men and women during the great slump to use their time profitably by making things instead of brooding over their miseries. Wherever "our Prince" went he radiated sunshine and gave them hope. Up and down he went, to places like Manchester, Glasgow, Dundee, Hull, everywhere, and liked best to mix with the unemployed themselves, get to the bottom of their lives with as little of Mayors and officials as he could dispense with. As he said to the Lord Mayor of Leeds, "I don't want to see bricks and

mortar—I want to see the people," and on another occasion, "No top hats, no escort."

It is this sympathy, this understanding, this absolute hatred of panoply, his love of mixing with the people without any fuss that has endeared him to the world. He chose his dance partners as he liked them, and ignored convention, which shocked the Powers-that-Be in India. At one dance he was told by a local personage in a shocked voice, "Your Royal Highness has been dancing with a girl who works in a chemist's shop." "Really!" said the Prince, "It must be a jolly good chemist's."

That is one side of his character. Let us not forget that King Edward knows his Empire from end to end. No living man has travelled to all parts of the Dominions as he has, including Crown Colonies, and carried with him the same democratic outlook, hatred of fuss and formality if they can be avoided. In every part, not merely the local aristocrats, but the average men and women have been in close contact with him as Prince of Wales and they have given him a hold unequalled in the world's history upon the admiration and love of his subjects throughout the Empire. His Ministers will be able to learn a great deal from the King at first hand of what the Empire thinks and wants, and may they be capable of imbibing the lesson! Certainly it will be no good their trying to fool him. Nor will there be the slightest doubt that the King is fully alive to the situation in Europe—only last summer he was seeing things for himself in Vienna and Buda-Pest and the military position of his beloved country. The growing graveness of his demeanour for the last year or two may well be due to a recognition of the grim truth.

WE KNOW HIS WORTH

"I trust I am worthy" he said in Ottawa in 1927. England knows his worth and so does his vast Empire. The future rests in the lap of the gods, but there is said to be an ancient prophecy that when a King David ascended the Throne, England would rise to the pinnacle of her greatness. We shall call him Edward, though in his family circle he is David, and let us hope the prophecy will prove true. At all events the King will do his best as he has always done. He will stand up for youth, carrying his grand Jubilee Trust scheme, in memory of his father, to make of the youth of Britain an "A1" nation. Nothing will daunt him when he thinks it is his duty, and with the beloved Queen to give him counsel we may look more confidently to the future. God Save King Edward!

King George V. and the Empire

By Francis Burgess

"THE best-informed man on Canadian affairs, with an intense knowledge of every part of the Empire." This is how a former Prime Minister of Ontario described King George. And it was no mere complimentary tribute. The speaker had discovered, like other Empire Statesmen, before and after him, that the King had a keen interest in the peoples and affairs of every part of the far-flung Empire over which he ruled, and that this interest was founded on an intimate personal knowledge of his overseas dominions.

No King had ever had a better imperial training. He had, since he was a boy of fourteen on the *Bacchante*, visited practically every corner of the Empire and had seen more of it than probably any of his subjects and his visits often coincided with or were the occasion for important imperial happenings. He first saw South Africa immediately after the Majuba disaster; his next visit occurred when the second Boer War was drawing to a close and when an opportunity was afforded him of displaying his gracious kindness towards some of the men who had been fighting against us.

THE DELHI DURBAR

His second visit to Australia was for the purpose of inaugurating the first session of the Parliament of the newly-founded Commonwealth, while his second tour in India was undertaken just after his accession in order to hold a highly impressive Coronation Durbar in the old Mogul capital of Delhi.

His reign has witnessed two remarkable imperial developments. In the first place there was the very heartening exhibition of Empire unity at the outbreak of the greatest of all wars in which Britain has participated. Then, secondly, there has been the seemingly disruptive tendency which has caused the Dominions to insist upon their complete autonomy, and has brought about the establishment of an Irish Free State, the passing of the Statute of Westminster and an ill-advised Bill conferring a Federal constitution upon India.

British patriots might well feel alarmed at all this tinkering with the constitutional fabric of their imperial heritage. But there is one consoling feature in what might otherwise be a depressing prospect, and that we owe to the late King.

Never before has the Crown exerted such an influence for good, such a stabilising force in the counsels of the Empire. It is the veritable lynchpin of the wheels of Empire.

Every imperial statesman or distinguished visitor from Overseas who ever came into contact with King George had only one impression to take back with him—the unostentatious charm and kindness that made them feel completely at home and permitted them to speak their minds openly

without fear of misunderstanding or of possible breach of a too formal etiquette.

I remember hearing two of these Overseas visitors conversing not so long ago after one of them had had an audience with the King. This is how the audience was described:—

"I was very nervous, as you can understand. I did not quite know what I ought to say and what not to say. But the King made me soon forget all my nervousness. We were soon chatting together as if he were my oldest friend. He loves a joke and told me some good ones and I also unburdened a few. At the end I felt like patting him on the back, but I refrained, though he would probably have been hugely delighted if I had committed that *bêtise*."

Another conversation I can recall was at the Coronation Durbar at Delhi. It was with one of the Indian Ruling Princes. The Government of India Secretariat had laid down strict ceremonial rules for the Princes to observe at one of the functions at which the King-Emperor was to receive them one after the other.

The Princes, always extremely sensitive on matters affecting their *izzat* (prestige), were more than a little upset over one arrangement that had been decreed. They were each to advance the whole length of the carpet in front of the throne before being received by His Majesty. This, my informant told me, was quite contrary to their own ideas of Royal procedure.

"We always," he said "in our own durbars advance across the carpet to meet our own nobles. It is the time-honoured procedure. Why then should it have been abandoned at the King-Emperor's Durbar?"

THE "PADSHAH" KNEW

Fortunately, the King-Emperor's sense of the fitness of things was far greater than that of the Delhi Secretariat. On the night of the function His Majesty departed from the procedure laid down, advancing across the carpet to meet each of the Princes. There was immense delight, as can be imagined, in the Princes' camps.

The *Padshah* had ignored the Secretariat *babus' fatwa*, and the honour of the Princes had been saved!

Little wonder that thereafter the Princes regarded the King-Emperor as their best friend. It was to him that they always brought their grievances over privileges wrested from them when they came to London and could get an audience at Buckingham Palace, and it is no secret that the King often put matters right by a word or two with the Secretary of State.

To-day they will be genuinely mourning the loss of a Sovereign whom they looked up to with a reverence that was almost sacred.

Kipling—Some Recollections

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer

IT is almost exactly 50 years since I made the acquaintance of Kipling in the old Punjab Club at Lahore.

He was then 20, and for two years had been working as Assistant Editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, the organ of the British community in N.W. India. I was a year older and had just come out in the I.C.S.

I last met Kipling a few months ago at the Athenaeum of which we were fellow members, and where, after I returned from India in 1920, we had many talks over the old days in the Punjab.

Kipling's father was, in 1886, Principal of the School of Art in Lahore where he did splendid work in keeping alive the old indigenous arts and crafts.

The Kipling family, including Mrs. Kipling, a lady of great charm and culture, and their son Rudyard and daughter Beatrice, an attractive and gifted girl, played a great part in the social and intellectual life of Lahore, which was then a dingy dusty provincial capital, well described in "The Chronicles of Dustypore."

But I doubt if we young Philistines, deeply immersed in our own work, realised at the start the genius of young Kipling, though his biting wit and ready repartee often amused and sometimes lacerated us.

Between 1886 and 1889, the results of his marvellous intuition into characters the most complex and diverse and of his unerring accuracy of observation were made public in what were then regarded as amusing *jeux d'esprit* or *vers d'occasion* such as "Departmental Ditties," "Plain Tales from the Hills," and "Soldiers Three."

THE BRITISH TOMMY

These and other short stories appeared as "Turnovers" in the *Civil and Military Gazette*. The first two lashed with bitter satire the follies and frivolities of Anglo-Indian and especially Simla Society; the third, which became almost as famous as "The Three Musketeers," gave an inimitable picture of the types—Mulvany, Learoyd and Ortheris—that went to make up the British Tommy of those days.

That fine regiment the 5th Fusiliers (the Fighting Fifth) was then quartered at Lahore Cantonment, and Kipling, with characteristic thoroughness, went to the fountain head—the Sergeants' Mess and the regimental canteen—for his characters.

But even in those early years his mind was working on the super problems of India. He saw far below the surface and also far into the future; his forecasts in "What Happened" and "The White Man's Burden," of what the then nascent Congress Movement would lead to in a generation, showing prophetic vision.

Kipling left India for good in 1889, but some of his best work on Indian subjects, notably the incomparable "Kim," were written later.

I saw nothing of him till I returned from India in 1920. But at Lahore in 1917 I had the pleasure as Lieutenant-Governor of unveiling a tablet to him in the office room of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, where he had worked for four years and established his youthful reputation.

When we met again in 1920 he was delighted to hear all about his old haunts and friends and said to me with pride "In that paper I was fifty-fifty."

His accurate recollection and knowledge of Indian affairs with which he had no direct contact for over 30 years were phenomenal.

As might be expected from the poet of our Empire he lamented the steady surrender of our position and responsibilities in India, having little faith in "Padgett M.P." and still less in the capacity of the Indian intelligentsia to govern with the pen and the tongue martial peoples who regarded those weapons with distrust or disdain.

More than once in recent years I urged him to come forward and expose the dangers of the policy of surrender, arguing that his name and authority would compel people to think.

"DOPED OR ROPED"

His reply was to this effect "I have been 40 years before my time in uttering the warning. For over 30 years I have been trying to hammer into the heads of certain British public men the elementary facts about India. I have had no success."

When I asked him to try the Press he flashed out the caustic retort "the Press is doped or roped."

He was sore at heart in contemplating the surrender of so much that the British in India had stood for and that he had glorified in his writings.

But a few years ago I persuaded him to join the Indian Defence League, and he was made one of the Vice-Presidents.

He then told me he was meditating whether to come out into the open and was collecting material for the purpose, but this never came to realisation.

He doubtless thought that nothing could prevail against a subservient majority in Parliament and a "doped" Press as he put it.

As an instance of his political foresight, I may quote a sentence from what he wrote over 30 years ago:

"Asia is not going to be civilised after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia and she is too old.

"She will never attend Sunday School or learn to vote, unless she uses swords for voting tickets."

I may close with an anecdote which brings out Kipling's modesty and filial regard.

He disliked discussing his books. But a few years ago I tackled him at the Club saying "Now

Kipling, we all have a great admiration for your prose and your poetry. They have often been an inspiration to me and others in our strenuous but thankless task in India. But there's one thing I'd like to tell you. You never wrote as good prose as your father."

Kipling jumped up, slapped me on the back saying, "My dear fellow, you are one of the few people who discovered that truth. How did you do it?"

I laughingly replied, "Because in 1888 I col-

laborated with your father in preparing a monograph on the woodcraft of the Punjab."

That was only true in part, for I had only prepared the data, and the literary and descriptive part was exclusively Lockwood Kipling's. But the work of the latter which I had in mind was "Beast and Man in India," published nearly 50 years ago and delightfully illustrated by the author.

In Kipling a great genius and a great patriot has passed away. May he rest in peace!

Kipling as a Journalist

By Clive Rattigan

(Formerly Editor of the "Pioneer" and the "Civil and Military Gazette," the two Indian papers on which Kipling served his literary apprenticeship).

IT was my father, the late Sir William Rattigan, K.C., M.P., who gave Rudyard Kipling his first start in a literary career.

That was in 1882 when Kipling was only seventeen, a mere schoolboy who had only just left Westward Ho. At that time my father was practising at the Bar at Lahore and was the principal proprietor of two Indian newspapers, the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore and the *Pioneer* at Allahabad.

He was a great friend of Rudyard's father, John Lockwood Kipling, Principal of the Art School at Lahore, and the Lockwood Kiplings, anxious to have their son with them in India, approached my father with the request that he should give Rudyard a job on the *Civil and Military Gazette*.

They frankly admitted that Rudyard had no journalistic qualifications—he was far too young to have had any experience of newspaper work; but he had, they said, a certain urge to write and a gift for vigorous expression. They were confident he would prove in time a very competent journalist.

Realising the possibility that Rudyard might well have inherited the literary and artistic abilities of his parents, my father was quite prepared to make the experiment of adding an inexperienced youth to the staff of the Lahore paper. Accordingly, he consulted his fellow proprietors, and Rudyard was brought out to Lahore as an assistant editor.

In those days Indian newspaper staffs were extremely small and every member, not excluding the editor, had to perform multifarious duties such as "sub-ing," reporting and extensive proof-reading.

News from abroad came almost entirely by mail, and inland telegraphic news was meagre in the extreme. With poor railway services and other means of transport over vast tracts of country confined to horse-driven vehicles, there was little hope of newspapers attaining large circulations, even if the English-reading public had been, what it was not, extensive.

The lack of transport facilities and the limitations

to circulation resulted in the absence of that flurry and bustle associated with modern newspaper life.

And, with more time at their disposal and little need to concern themselves with the up-to-dateness of their general news, Indian journalists in the 'eighties took particular pains to make their newspapers interesting to the public they served.

That public, if small, was a very intelligent one, thoroughly appreciative of literary grace and piquancy in short story, special article or editorial comment.

And, as is inevitable with a comparatively small society, every man's or woman's life was apt to be an open book to his or her neighbours. This afforded plenty of scope for the personal note in newspaper criticism or story.

Indian politics at that time did not trouble the journalist. The Indian National Congress was not founded till three years after Rudyard reached Lahore, and at the beginning it was a very mild affair, among its "fundamental principles," as laid down by its founder, the ex-Indian civilian, Allan Octavian Hume, being "the consolidation of union between England and India."

Rudyard attended one of its earlier meetings on behalf of the *Pioneer* and his rather slighting comments on one of the speakers proved rather expensive, since it caused a libel action to be brought against the Allahabad paper. But that, as he would have said, is another story.

For the most part English-edited papers in India had little concern with Indian-nation building or Indian political demands. There were no Indian Members of Council, no Indian Governors, no Indian Secretaries to Government. The whole Indian official hierarchy was British.

The only effective criticism of that hierarchy was British, too. The *Pioneer* and the *Civil and Military Gazette*, while priding themselves on being semi-official organs of Government, did not hesitate on occasions to belabour the provincial authorities or the Government of India for what they conceived to be wrong-headed policy.

Such was the journalistic atmosphere into which this youth of seventeen was brought—an atmosphere in which he at once felt himself quite at home in view of his family's long residence in the country and its familiarity with the special conditions of Indian official life.

Rudyard quickly showed that he had no liking for purely routine work. His proofs would lie on his desk uncorrected to the disorganisation of the press, and assignments such as reports of local happenings would too often be completely forgotten. His editor would rave and storm, and Rudyard would be apologetic and promise to reform. But the same thing would happen over and over again.

Rudyard wanted to write, wanted to go out to Mian Mir, where the troops were, and chat with Thomas Atkins or saunter into the city and converse with anyone he could get into conversation with, or he had an idea for a story or verses ringing in his head. How could he be bothered with proofs or idiotic reports of gymkhana, Government House parties or polo matches?

One little corner of the *Civil and Military Gazette* specially appealed to him. This was the "turn-over" from the last column of the front page to the next page. It was the particular niche for the short story or sketch bearing the mystic initials "R.K." at the end. This "turn-over" in Rudyard's hands became a very distinctive feature of the paper and "Gazette" readers always looked for those initials and were sorely disappointed when they were absent.

As his short stories, sketches and "Departmental

Ditties" began to appear and Anglo-Indian society was observed to be chortling over the relentless exposure of its weaknesses and failings, Rudyard's colleagues at Lahore learnt to make allowances for his journalistic eccentricities and to relieve him of duties that interfered with his writing or his collection of "copy."

His reputation, of course, had preceded him when he was transferred to Allahabad, but there he found he could not be let off journalistic duties so lightly, since there was more work to be done in the way of descriptive and other reporting, in sub-editing and in correcting proofs, the *Pioneer* having then become the leading paper of India.

Rudyard, as at Lahore, could not adapt himself to journalistic routine. He still neglected his proofs, still left urgent copy unsub-edited on his desk, still forgot the engagements for which he had been booked.

He made up for these deficiencies by sparkling verse or masterly short story.

His editor appreciated his genius, but it is to be feared the management did not.

It may have been the press delays resulting from Rudyard's forgetfulness that rankled or it may have been perhaps the expense of that libel case. At any rate the Allahabad manager did not heave any sigh of regret when Rudyard announced that he was giving up journalism and going home to England after a tour of the Far East.

The manager wished him every good wish, but delivered his Parthian shot:

"I am afraid, my dear fellow, you'll never make your fortune with your pen."

Victoria Brought Us Greatness

By F. L. de Baughn

LAST Wednesday, the anniversary of the death of the Great Queen was commemorated. Queen Victoria, in whose reign the Empire attained its richest greatness, died on January 22, 1901.

There were few outward ceremonies to mark the day. But in the hearts of many the twenty-second of January is for ever enshrined as a day of real sorrow.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne, England's prestige was at a low ebb. When she died, sixty-four years later, its sun had climbed to the meridian.

Scoffers may point out that her reign was purely incidental—that England, in any event, could not have escaped achieving real greatness during the turmoil of the nineteenth century.

This view is entirely meretricious. On too few occasions these days is the fact of Victoria's own personal greatness acknowledged.

She was more than the occupant of the throne. She was, in fact, head of the nation. She was a true democrat. The Queen, better than anyone else, realised the wishes of the people. And she was their darling.

A nation of over forty millions watched her, read every word she uttered in public during a period of more than sixty years. She never once really lost her popularity.

Thirty-five years ago on January 21, a great fear swept those people. She had been ill for some days. But no-one admitted the possibility that the aged woman who had occupied the throne for so long was about to leave it.

Crowds of people waited in London's streets throughout that night. They were quiet crowds—silent, strangely inept crowds. They did not know what to do. All their thoughts were centred on that Royal sick-room.

The nation wept when news came that Victoria was dead. An epoch had ended. The least sensitive knew that something of intangible value was gone for ever.

Every city, town and hamlet throughout that great Empire which had thrived so enormously since the Queen, a quiet girl of eighteen, came to the throne in 1837, was bowed with grief.

There was nothing pretentious about that compelling sorrow. In England and in those other Englands far beyond the seas they wept when the muffled bells pealed in London.

THE BITTER TRUTH

By Kim

THE passing of that great patriot and poet Rudyard Kipling, happens at a moment when he could least be spared. His creed was ever a Britain strong and unafraid, and he, more than any other man, possessed the secret of opening the eyes of his fellow-countrymen to the greatness of our Empire, which to-day is sagging so ominously in all directions. If Kipling could have lifted up his voice in one of those inspired moments of his, to rouse the nation to its dangers, who can say that it might not have evoked an overwhelming response?

Last week, our contemporary, *The Morning Post* took a turn as look-out man, and pointed out the jagged rocks and ugly reefs which beset the Ship of State at every point. There was really nothing new about its discovery because *The Saturday Review* has said the same thing, and has published articles by well-known air, naval and military authorities week after week with the object of getting things done. So have Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook in their many publications. So have others. We have agitated in every possible way to bring the Government to realise that our continued disarmament policy is suicidal, and that whilst Ministers have talked about doing something, all other nations are re-arming with feverish haste. For fifteen years successive Governments with Mr. Baldwin, or his *fidus Achates* Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at the head, and responsible to the nation for the maintenance of the national safety, have done nothing except to let our defences rot away through sheer neglect. Periodically, Mr. Baldwin and other Ministers have hinted that our defences were totally inadequate, as though it were an academic point in a debate and not a horrible reality. *But they have done nothing. To this hour, except for getting out estimates, they have done nothing.* They move, if at all, with a leisurely sluggishness which might lead anyone to suppose they had ten years before them to prepare.

CRIMINAL NEGLECT

We have called this neglect of Mr. Baldwin and those who share the responsibility under him by hard words. We have said it is criminal, and criminal it is. It is difficult to see what lighter term could be applied to the Government who have sent the Home Fleet to the extreme of the Mediterranean, with inadequate ammunition as is now admitted, and with Air protection totally unfit in numbers and design to cope with Italy if she should be goaded into War with us by the aggressive acts of Mr. Eden. This is the outcome of a policy which the same politicians adopted, calling it "collective security," hoping thereby that if there were an offender, all nations would combine to punish him at least cost to themselves in armies, ships, planes and men. The policy to-day has drifted to the point where we alone are ready to jeopardise our Fleet, while the little nations clap

Mr. Eden on the back and say he is a fine fellow.

The Government's infatuation for the League of Nations, despite its evident perils, has grown stronger as time goes on, and not less. Mr. Baldwin and his compères are still prepared to put their shirt on it, so it seems, although a few weeks ago Mr. Baldwin, like a chronic dipsomaniac who has an occasional glimmer of rationalism, suddenly woke up and told us what would happen if his lips were unsealed, then went back to his League of Nations dope and yet they know full well of the vast armaments being piled up in Germany and Russia, to say nothing of Japan. They have done nothing to meet the enormous gap in our defences, and meantime isolate our Home Fleet where it is most vulnerable.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

These being the plain facts it is astonishing, to say the least of it, that *The Morning Post* agrees with Field Marshal Lord Milne, late of the Imperial War Staff that it is not fair to blame the Government for their deficiencies. Not fair! When first Japan and then Germany repudiated the League of Nations did they take any steps to meet a new orientation? Says Lord Milne, "Within the last four years the world situation has completely changed, and the extraordinary thing to my mind is that the League of Nations has not realised it." How can those words be reconciled with the view that it is not fair to blame the Government? Nothing that Lord Milne or anyone else can say can whitewash the Government, that is Mr. Baldwin and the men round him who suffer from the stupor which stinks of vodka.

And the Archbishop of York who still regards the League as "the one great hope of world peace," is ready to trust the Government. He thinks that "if the rest of the world can trust our motives all will be well." (But the "rest of the world" have other views). It is scarcely pleasant security for every mother's son of us, for every parent, for every wage-earner, for every boy and girl to realise that with savage beasts prowling all around, we are tethered like some poor bleating goat, waiting for the hungry tigers to spring. The truth is, well meaning men, but entirely ignorant of all realities like the Archbishop, are the country's worst enemies and are leading the nation into peril.

Come! Let us get away from this cant. The Government place us in constant peril, and it should be shouted from the housetops.

Who is to blame for all this — Ramsay MacDonald—the man who Mr. Baldwin without the excuse of any precedent has insisted upon retaining in the Cabinet — although he has been howled down and rejected by his own constituents at Seaham Harbour. And in a lesser—some people say more—degree Stanley Baldwin is to blame—who could most certainly have prevented all this disarmament treachery.

Reprinted from the "Sunday Express."

The University By-Election

By Peter Howard

HERE is a strange tale.

The Conservative Central Office muscle in to the Scottish Universities by-election. They send out a circular letter to Tory agents.

It is a 350-word letter. It is signed by Mr. H. V. Armstrong, one of the pocket Napoleons of Palace Chambers.

Enclosed in each letter are cards with the names and addresses of all Scottish University electors in the division of the particular agent to whom the letter is addressed.

In the letter the Tory agents are required by Armstrong to see that all these electors are canvassed "effectively" on behalf of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

* * *

One agent I know asked more than fifty of his regular helpers to canvass for MacDonald. All refused. The agent sent a letter to Mr. Armstrong telling him so.

The name of the division? North Paddington.

Another agent dared not risk offending his regular helpers by asking them to canvass for MacDonald. So he destroyed all the canvass cards. And did not send a letter to Mr. Armstrong telling him so.

The name of the division? South Paddington.

* * *

A University election is conducted through the post. Armstrong's innovation of canvassing for a particular candidate might unintentionally open the door to gross abuses.

For example some canvassers might interpret Armstrong's phrase of "effective" canvassing by standing over the voter and watching him record his vote.

* * *

I don't think that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will poll very heavily. Certainly Fleet Street is not his happy hunting-ground. I have done a bit of canvassing there myself.

Not a vote for MacDonald can I find. James Fairlie, for example, jovial compiler of "Are You Sure?" is not sure in this case. He is not going to vote at all. Cherubic William Barkley, my predecessor, will vote for Professor Gibb. So will George Malcolm Thomson, lean-visaged, quiet and humourous.

* * *

Professor Andrew Dewar Gibb will get plenty of votes in the South.

He is a forty-seven-year-old professor of law at Glasgow. Has a fine war record. A man of high character and first-rate ability.

Of pungent utterance, he has many enemies. But among those who know him best he has many friends.

Of course, the most important street in this by-election is Harley Street, London. It is filled with Scottish graduates.

* * *

Whether he gets in or not, the adoption of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as candidate is one of the most pathetic stories of public life.

Sad and weary is the sight of this old man, who was four times Prime Minister. Who was a brilliant leader of the Socialists. Who sang the Red Flag with the best. The titular leader of the general strike. Who opposed his Majesty's Government during the great war. Now reduced to seeking the favour of canvassers mobilised by the Conservative Central Office in order to get back to Parliament.

DISARMAMENT

"Historicus" wrote in the "Saturday Review" of last week:

EITHER the facts about national defence which were originally set out in this paper and the papers controlled by Lord Rothermere

ARE TRUE OR THEY ARE NOT TRUE.

IF THEY ARE TRUE, THE BLAME FOR THIS TRAGIC AND CRIMINAL STATE OF AFFAIRS RESTS ENTIRELY UPON THE SHOULDERS OF MR. MACDONALD AND MR. BALDWIN.

WHY were the national defences allowed to rot? Why, when Sir Samuel Hoare and M. Laval belatedly realised the significance of Britain's parlous state, did Mr. Baldwin, at a word from some unrevealed master, revert again to a policy which places the national security in daily and deadly danger?

THE MORNING POST" revelations regarding the present desperate conditions of England's defences should not come as a surprise. The public have already been told these facts over and over again in the "Daily Mail" and the "Sunday Dispatch," and ever since Lady Houston took over the "Saturday Review," it has hardly allowed a week to pass without warning both the Government and the people of the appalling dangers brought about by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's treacherous and criminal policy of disarmament.

NEARLY four years ago in an article entitled "Trade that has Never been Free!" Lady Houston warned the country against INTERNATIONALISM. "For Internationalism is an excuse for everything that is underhand and tricky that WORKS AGAINST THE NATION—for all the Peace Conferences (that end in War)—for millions of money taken from us and sent abroad—for paying America when no other Nation pays US—for dragging down our Defences—the ARMY—the NAVY—the AIR FORCE—and for every ILL these Unjust Stewards can devise for our downfall."

As long ago as April, 1932, Lady Houston, realising the disastrous position in which England had been placed, wrote to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, offering to give £200,000 towards the country's defences. The correspondence, extracts of which are reproduced below, was published again on May, 20th 1933; on March 2nd, 1935; and on September 28th, 1935, in order that the public, with its proverbial short memory, might not be allowed to forget the awful danger the treacherous cry for disarmament by Ramsay MacDonald has brought upon us.

"Dear Mr. Chamberlain," Lady Houston wrote on April 9th, 1932, "on the sad

heart of Mary, Queen of England, sorrow wrote the word 'Calais.' On my heart, love has indelibly written the word 'England' and this love of my Country makes me bold and not afraid to speak the truth—for the truth is ghastly—Britain is in deadly peril—her pride has been dragged down into the dust by Socialism. When I read the terrible news that our Forces of Defence—already far, too far, below the safety mark—are again to be the victims of what only Socialists can call 'economy,' my spirit was heavy and oppressed, and every fibre of my being cried out against this further treachery to us and to our Fighting Forces. No, no, no, Mr. Chamberlain. You must not allow this to be called economy. This is not economy. This is a base betrayal of the people's safety. To leave our homes and our children unprotected—while every other country is feverishly arming—is a Socialist invitation to our enemies to come and destroy us. It is sad to notice how Conservatives have widened the gulf between themselves and their Policy—for it is Socialism and not Conservatism that stands for dragging down our Navy, Army and Air Force. . . .

Is this the time for the defenders of our country to be starved and depleted and the country left bare for the enemy?

Deeds are better than words, and so I now offer you £200,000 towards the five millions required for our protection so only nineteen times as much as my gift is needed to make up the five million necessary—a paltry sum to ensure the safety of the Nation, and I appeal to all, both rich and poor, to find it, for surely there is not a man or woman in Britain who will not echo my cry 'Hands off economising on our Navy—our Army—and our Air Force.'

Declining Lady Houston's magnificent and generous offer, Mr. Chamberlain said "it was impossible to accept gifts offered to the Exchequer for expenditure upon particular essential services," and though Lady Houston again repeated that the money she had offered was not a gift to the Exchequer, but was for the Army, Navy and Air Force, Mr. Chamberlain again declined to accept it. No doubt by order of the Prime Minister—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

A year later, May 26th, 1933, Lady Houston wrote an article in the "Saturday Review" entitled "I told You So," in which she declared that President Wilson's "well-meant attempt" to bring peace to Europe by asking forty-five countries to promise not to send armed forces across their frontiers was gloriously impracticable. "Paris says I told you so," continued Lady Houston. "I think I must echo these words, for

Ramsay MacDonald's Great Achievement

By
Meriel Buchanan

had the Chancellor of the Exchequer not been prevented by the Prime Minister from accepting the offer I made him a year ago and had he read my offer out in the House of Commons, it would have created such a furore of patriotism that the five million, the sum that the National Government docked off our Forces of Defence last year, would no doubt have been subscribed. And if the peace of the world is really desired by all the Nations then the way to ensure it is by the British Navy becoming once more the Mistress of the Seas."

On August 5th, 1933, the "Saturday Review" published a message from Lady Houston to the Women of Britain, calling on them to insist on the defence of their homes, and adding "Let all the unemployed who have been taken from the Army and the Navy and put on the Dole be reinstated, and let us once more have a glorious Navy and an adequate Army and Air Force, and the British Navy would again keep the peace of the world."

On December 9th, 1933, Lady Houston wrote to the Prime Minister renewing her offer of £200,000 and saying that she had heard privately that it was he who had prevented Mr. Chamberlain from accepting her former offer. "Every paper to-day," she added, "takes up this crying need for the defence of London which still exists. I gadly renew my offer of £200,000 and I wish to give this sum for the Air Defence of London. Will the Government dare to refuse?"

Triumvirate of Tricksters

The Government not only "dared to refuse," but they had the courtesy not to answer this gallant offer, and on March 10th, 1934, Lady Houston emphasised the unpardonable sin of allowing the security of London to be ruined and "ruthlessly, wilfully, craftily destroyed by the Triumvirate of tricksters, Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin and Sir John Simon."

After having reluctantly withdrawn her offer on April 7th, Lady Houston sent Mr. MacDonald another telegram, saying that she alone had had the courage to point out the dire need and necessity for an air defence, and on August 11th she published an article entitled "Lord Rothermere is Right," in which she supported what he had said. "Look at things as they are," she exclaimed. "Compare them with what they might and ought to be and judge the results," and, in conclusion, she quoted Lord Jellicoe's ominous words regarding the British Navy: "As compared with all the other Navies in the world it gives me the greatest apprehension."

Once more, on November 19th, 1934, she reiterated her warning. "If my advice and

help—and no one can deny that I was willing to give handsomely—had been taken, Britain would not now be in the parlous condition in which she now finds herself. Once again I repeat my warning. Are you all deaf, dumb, blind and paralytic? Do none of you care for your country? Do none of you care for your own and your children's safety?"

Besides the articles written by Lady Houston herself the "Saturday Review," in the course of 1934, published articles by Lord Lloyd, by Lord Lymington, by Harold Balfour and other authorities on the situation, all voicing the same grave warning, and emphasising the utterly defenceless position to which Britain had been reduced.

In the spring of 1935, Lady Houston once more offered the Government £200,000, but this offer was again turned down, and on June 15th she published the following letter:—

"Dear Mr. Chamberlain.—The safety of London—how it bores you. With a gesture of utter contempt—without even deigning to ascertain the wishes of the Citizens of London—you have flung the safety I offered them on the dung-heap of the House of Commons as something of no importance. Their safety and the safety of their children may be of no importance to you—for when trouble comes you can go out of it, but there are thousands and thousands of Londoners who have nowhere else to go and no money to take them, and for them—no matter how indifferent you feel about it—for them the safety of London is paramount"

The Peril of the Nation

All through the last twelve months Lady Houston has suffered from serious ill-health and exhaustion, but she has not ceased her courageous and magnificent efforts to bring the country's peril home to the people, both in her own articles and in the words of other people.

The grave words spoken by the Prince of Wales were reprinted in the issue of July 20th. "As a maritime power," His Royal Highness said, "this country pays less attention to the problem (training) than any other maritime nation in the world."

On July 27th the "Saturday Review" also reprinted James Douglas's clarion call published in the "Daily Express" entitled "The Startling Truths about our Navy," in which Mr. Douglas deplored the fact that England had allowed the Navy to decay. "We have lost the command of the seas and the narrow seas," he said. "We stand in grave jeopardy. . . ."

"Remember 'Coronel.' The men who died fighting in that awful massacre were sent to their

doom because our cruisers were obsolete. The Germans outranged them and slaughtered them. Remember 'Pegasus,' 'Defence,' 'Black Prince' sunk during the war by superior German guns. Our old boast was this: 'We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too.' To-day it runs: 'We haven't got the ships, we haven't got the men, we haven't got the money,' but it is being spent on roads that are death traps and new houses in which no one wants to live. 'Europe knows this. . . . We have two million men unemployed. We can find work for them if we make up our sluggish minds to rebuild the dying Navy.'

The issue of September 7th published an article by Boyd Cable on "Air Defence Lessons," and also "Four Reasons for a Powerful Army," by Ignatius Phayre. On September 21st, Mr. J. Walton Newbold contributed an article on "London in Deadly Danger," and on November 30th there was an article paying tribute to the memory of Lord Jellicoe. "The war did not end Lord Jellicoe's anxieties," it ran. "He thought always to the end of his life of his country's safety. His recent warning at the Navy League Dinner on the 7th of October still echoes in our ears. He was thinking, he said, characteristically, of five years ahead. He did not wish, he told us, to see our officers and men of the Merchant Navy faced with the same loss of life, and dangers to which they were exposed in the Great War. Nor did he wish

to see again the danger of our food supplies and other necessities cut off by the sinking of our Merchant ships. Our sea communications must be made absolutely secure and an immediate start was absolutely necessary."

Again and again the "Saturday Review" has reprinted articles from the "Daily Mail," the "Evening News" and the "Sunday Dispatch," urging the vital necessity of immediate action of some sort being taken and emphasising the appalling dangers of England's defenceless position.

The country cannot say it has not been warned. Lady Houston has not minced her words. She has spoken out fearlessly and with a downright frankness that can leave no doubt of her meaning. She has proved her loyalty, her devotion to Britain, and her supreme generosity has made history. But has the Government listened? Did Mr. Baldwin, the head of the Conservative Party and with a majority of 470 votes, ever attempt to put a stop to the shameful disarmament? Has he ever done anything to hasten on re-armament? These questions must, alas, be answered *in the negative*, and one cannot feel that Mr. Baldwin any longer deserves to be called a Conservative; even a patriot. If he were, he would surely never have allowed his country to reach such a pitiable condition of weakness and defencelessness, nor would he try to retain in the Cabinet a man who has done more than any enemy to drag down and destroy his country.

Political Values in Atrocities

By Commendatore Luigi Villari

A CONFLICT such as the present one between Italy and Abyssinia, with all its reactions on European politics, was bound sooner or later to produce a plentiful crop of fantastic atrocity reports, either deliberately manufactured or the result of sensation-mongering and hysteria. Those of us who are old enough to remember the Boer War, have a vivid recollection of the campaign of lies conducted against Great Britain in the Press of a large part of the world (not, it should be remembered, in the Press of Italy, with a few small exceptions). Most of the papers of France, Germany, Russia, the United States and other countries were full of British "atrocities," and even many British newspapers and politicians were equally rabid in their libels against their own country and its soldiers engaged in a difficult war to maintain the integrity of the Empire.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's attack on British "methods of Barbarism" will not be forgotten, nor will the equally violent language of other British political men, many of them alive to-day. We were harrowed by lurid tales of the burning of the Boer farms, the concentration camps, and the conduct of the "brutal and licentious soldiery" against innocent Boer women and children.

The same thing is happening to-day in the case of Italy's action in Abyssinia. At first there was absolutely no peg on which to hang an atrocity campaign, as it might have been dangerous in these days of wireless to invent episodes without the slightest foundation of fact. But the ghouls of the League of Nations Union, the anti-Fascist groups, and all the friends of the Soviet, were on the look-out, and the accidental wounding of two Swedes attached to the Swedish ambulance on the Abyssinian southern front, was a godsend to the libel-mongers who battened on to it like vultures on carrion. Incidentally, it should be remembered that the particular action of the Italian air force was directed against the Abyssinian encampments as a reprisal for the atrocious murder of an Italian airman, who crashed within the enemy lines and was decapitated by the Abyssinians. But he was merely an Italian and therefore of no interest to the anti-Italian Press.

It may therefore be interesting to set forth some of the actual facts of the case, together with the travesties of them in the reptile Press.

The first message stated that the Swedish ambulance had been completely wiped out, and all the nine Swedes attached to it killed, and this was broadcast throughout the world for a day or two.

Then the Abyssinian authorities had to admit that the ambulance was functioning normally, so that it could not have been destroyed, and that of the Swedes only two had been hit. Then a new story was issued to the effect that the ambulance was full of wounded and sick, many of whom had been killed. After this the reports got still more confused; some said that the ambulance was 10 kilometres distant from the military encampments, others that it was right in the midst of them. The Italian aeroplanes were variously reported to have flown very high in the air and very low down, while according to one story a single hospital tent had been pierced by 400 machine gun bullet holes.

In the meanwhile, the correspondent of the French Havas Agency in Abyssinia complained that he had not been permitted to visit the ambulance by the Abyssinian authorities; evidently, they were suspicious that he might actually speak the truth. They needed time to stage the scene for the visits of foreign journalists, to remove the military encampment and ammunition dumps which were inconveniently near the scene (in contrast with the international Red Cross regulations), produce a proper number of shot holes in the ambulance tents and bring in wounded men from other places to pose as victims of the Italian air raid.

GIVING THE SHOW AWAY

A curious wireless message was picked up in Rome from one of the Swedes attached to the ambulance, to the effect that the Italian aeroplanes were perfectly familiar with the area in which the ambulance was situated, inasmuch as for several days previously to the wounding of the two Swedes, they had flown over the spot and bombed the Abyssinian troops encamped there. The next day he realised that he had given the show away, and he sent a second message to the effect that the military escort of the hospital consisted of only seven men! This meant either that the Italians had for several days been bombing seven men, apparently without any effect, or else that the Red Cross tents were really set up among the armed forces of the Abyssinians.

The fact is that the Abyssinians notoriously make use of the Red Cross to camouflage military units, ammunition dumps and stores of all kinds. In the towns occupied by the Italian advance numbers, buildings and camps so used were found adorned with the Red Cross in the hope of avoiding Italian bombs.

The Italian communiqué of Jan. 8 stated that, while the Italian air force was bombing the area near Lake Ashanghi, the Abyssinian troops, as soon as they saw the Italian planes approaching, spread three large Red Crosses on the ground and collected around them.

It is evident from all that has happened that an Italian air squadron, conducting a reprisal action for the murder of the captured airman, bombed an Abyssinian force, and that some of the bombs accidentally hit the ambulance tents which were in the enemy camp. Accidents of this kind, regrettable indeed, are inevitable in war. In every belliger-

ant country monuments may be seen erected to the memory of the doctors and ambulance workers who fell in the late war. But what people in their right senses would dream of deliberately attacking hospital formations? Quite apart from the humanitarian considerations, is it likely that the Italians would be such fools as to do the very thing which the bloody pacifists of the League of Nations Union were longing for them to do in order to raise the devil against them? The question has only to be put to be answered in the negative. We should remember, although the above-mentioned "gentlemen" profess to ignore it, that throughout the occupied territories the Italians have set up special field hospitals for the natives; indeed, the regulations provide that such hospitals shall be set up within twenty-four hours of the occupation, and the area is now dotted all over with them.

SPECIAL COOKS

Wounded Abyssinian prisoners are treated in exactly the same way as the Italian wounded, and even special cooks are provided for them, Copts for the Copts and Moslems for the Moslems, so that none need eat food not prepared according to his religious practices.

But, as in the case of the Boer war, it is not the facts which matter to the sensation-mongers and libellers, whether in the Press, the platform or the pulpit, but the use which, with a little clever manipulation, exaggeration and alteration, can be made of them, for political purposes, in order to arouse hatred against those whom they wish to injure politically. The decapitation of prisoners, the use of soft-nosed bullets, and other similar practices, must be ignored as long as the victims are Italians; but anything done against the poor innocent little Abyssinians, or even anything falsely alleged to have been done against them, must be exploited to the utmost.

People who are patriots, who would like something more than the "hush-hush" news of most of the daily papers, and want to know and hear the truth, should buy

"The Patriot"

"The National Review"

and

their humble servant

"The Saturday Review"

More Nonsense from Eden

By Robert Machray

NEVER was there a more one-sided and therefore utterly misleading speech on foreign affairs than that delivered on Friday last at Warwick by Mr. Anthony Eden. He was among his own constituents and the occasion was a congratulatory one, but it was his first public appearance in the role of Foreign Secretary. He knew very well that an agitated and anxious world would be "listening in," for the foreign policy of our Government has puzzled and baffled opinion abroad, and that, most of all, the people of this country, so recently bewildered by the lightning acrobatics of Mr. Baldwin, would be dwelling on what he said.

It was a great opportunity for a comprehensive review of the situation, but Mr. Eden was careful not to take advantage of it—for the very good reason that if he had done so, and told the whole truth of things as they are, at least his immediate audience would have been startled out of their happy complacency, shocked and depressed. Instead, he preferred to talk about the League of Nations and the illusion known as collective security, but surely when he went on to say "These old phrases 'pro' this country, or 'anti' that, belong to a past epoch," he must have tried the patriotism, to say nothing of the patient temper usual at a dinner party, of all the genuine Conservatives who were present.

Mr. Eden began his speech promisingly enough by stating that 1935 was marked by two outstanding facts in high politics. The first was correctly described as the emergence once more of a strong Germany claiming for herself the right to rearm, though he did not add that this had occurred in spite of the League, nor did he touch further on that most important subject. The second outstanding fact he found in what he called the emergence of the League into a position of vigorous responsibility. The rest of his speech—more than three-quarters of it—was devoted to what was in effect a prolonged eulogy of the Geneva Institution, all very nicely put in his best Upper Fifth Remove manner.

Here is Realism

In the course of the speech Mr. Eden said, "Let there be realism!" Well, let us have it, or at any rate, as space permits, some of it. Is it not a fact that far into last summer opinion in England and abroad had concluded that the Abyssinian question in the international sphere would come to have precisely the same complexion as the Manchurian affair, League or no League? Is it not also a fact that what gave the Abyssinian question an entirely new aspect was the concentration of the British Battle Fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean? It was alleged that Signor Mussolini was challenging the British Empire.

Much obscurity still hangs over the Mediterranean business, and whether the Government was right or wrong in that matter is not in debate here, though it may be noted in passing that its action did certainly not belong to the "past epoch" of Mr. Eden, but was well in keeping with it (and still is) as a demonstration of the "power politics" which he says are out of date. What is not obscure is that it was from that moment, and only from that moment, that the League began to show the vigorous responsibility of which he spoke. The really remarkable thing about it, is that our Government's action was taken altogether apart from the League—from which it may safely be inferred that had that action not been taken, the League would and could have done nothing, or anyhow, no more than in the Manchurian affair.

Britain Bears the Brunt

There is a good deal more to be said if we are to be realists. Sir Samuel Hoare, in his post-resignation speech, revealed the fact that none of the League Powers, whether big or little, had been at all keen to second the action of our Government; his words "not a ship, not a machine, not a man" are scarcely likely to be soon forgotten. What he did not disclose, but what might be guessed, was that efforts to get these Powers to do something definite in support had so far been of no avail; they were perfectly willing that the British should bear the brunt of whatever occurred—and of course they meant to profit by any British success.

Later it became known that the Government had approached the Eastern Mediterranean Powers for promises of assistance and had obtained them, all this being arranged in and from London, and not at Geneva; at bottom it was another instance of power politics—the politics of the "past epoch." And so at bottom was the arrangement come to with France, all unwilling, about her ships and ports, the deal being made, after much talk, in Paris and London, and, again, not at Geneva. All these things are well known, it must be supposed, to Mr. Eden, but he said nothing about them.

The truth is that this talk about a past epoch is absolute nonsense. There exists in these times no clear break, indeed no break at all, with the past. That we are *not* living on a new earth under new heavens, but in the same old world of omni-present appetites, jealousies and discords, with menacing ambitions and age-old hatreds among the nations, must leap to the eyes of every reader of the papers as he looks at their headlines. From day to day he hears the threat of war and at best peace appears to be most uncertain, the most striking recent illustration being the boastful assertions of Tukhachevsky, Assistant War Commissar of the Soviet, of the readiness of Red Russia to fight Japan, Germany and Poland at a moment's notice.

25 Ja

Master Reynolds

By Dan Russell

THREE was a line of pollard willows by the river bank, gnarled old trees whose roots gave shelter to many of the river-folk. The trout liked to lie beneath the shadow of their branches to catch the grubs and insects which fell into the water; rats and mice delved among their twisted roots, and occasionally a travelling otter stayed for a day inside a hollow trunk. The largest of these willows leaned at a sharp angle over the water. Its pollard top, screened by the growth of young branches, was hollowed by frost and rain into the shape of a shallow basin. A basin in which an animal could lie safely hidden from his enemies. The leaning trunk was scratched and shiny from the many feet whose owners had used the tree as a sanctuary.

At this moment a fox lay asleep in that pollard tree-top. He lay curled nose to brush, fitting snugly into the slight depression. The tangle of twigs around the crown afforded him some protection from prying eyes and sheltered him from the weather. He had been using this tree-top for some weeks and had, so far, been undisturbed. But, for all its seeming safety, this willow was a dangerous place for a fox to lie. Other foxes in the past had lain there and paid dearly for it, for it was well known to the hunt that this tree was a favourite hiding-place of the little red rovers and always when they were near, a whip would be sent to see whether Master Reynolds was at home.

A Muffled Drumming

The grey wintry morning wore on, but still the fox slept. His limbs twitched occasionally and he made slight snuffling noises as he dreamed. The countryside was very quiet and still. But suddenly the fox awoke. His yellow eyes opened immediately to full wakefulness. Even in his sleep his sharp ears had caught a sound which penetrated his slumber and aroused his wariness. He lifted his head and cocked his black-tipped ears to listen.

Far in the distance was a faint jumble of sound. A muffled drumming as of horse-hooves on turf. It grew gradually louder; then he heard the jingle of steel as a bit-bar was thrown, then a whip cracked and a hound yelped at the smack of the thong. The drumming hooves drew nearer, then stopped. The fox lay still and waited, watchful and alert.

He heard the sound of a single horse coming towards the tree. It halted beside the trunk. The fox crouched lower in his hiding-place. Someone struck the bole of the tree until it shook, again and again came the shock of a blow which made the fox's feet tingle. He rose, and with one bound he reached the ground and was away. As he landed he had a fleeting glimpse of a horseman in a scarlet coat, then he set his mask for the open country.

He had gone some four hundred yards when he heard the holloa, "Yooi, tally-ho, away, away,

aw-a-a-a-y." Then came the sharp twang of the horn and the sound of cantering horses and then a sound which quickened his pace; the wild, deep cry of the hounds as the pack was laid on to his line.

Up the hedge side he went and over the plough-land beyond. The plough was heavy with recent rain and clung to his pads and brush. There was in the fox's brain no definite sense of fear, merely the urge to run and run away from the flying hounds. He set his mask for a covert he knew of two miles ahead, in which there was an earth. The insistent crying of the hounds lent him wings as he sped over the short grass. Scent was good and he must run or die.

Up the gentle slope of the hill he ran and from behind came a shrill holloa. The huntsman had viewed him as he topped the rise. Down the long slope on the other side he went with that delightful action which looks so slow and is really so fast. Over plough and grass, through hedge and fence he raced towards his earth and safety. He had run for a mile now and still there was no easing of that terrible pace. He heard the hounds breast the hill and sweep down after him. He fled on towards his sanctuary, now only half-a-mile ahead.

Nearing the Covert

And now, for the first time, the fox felt that this headlong race was telling on him. His brush and belly were clogged and heavy with mud from the plough, his breath came in short, hard gasps and he was glad of the long downward slope in front which eased the thudding of his heart, for a fox, while he can go all day at a canter, soon breaks down when he is forced to race from the start.

The hounds were running like fury on that hot scent. Like a pied wave they raced over the green grass and lifted their voices in a savage song of joy. Their hackles were up and their eyes smouldered with the lust for blood as gusts of the fox-taint came to their eager nostrils.

Four fields ahead the dog-fox strained every nerve and sinew to keep his place in that grim contest. Only a hundred yards now and he would be safe. The covert loomed darkly before him; he slipped through the hedge and into the wood. Between the trees he darted towards the bank where lay his earth. Then he pulled up short and grunted in dismay. The earth was stopped.

Only for a moment did he hesitate. There was no time to dally. The hounds were almost into the wood. The fox ran on out of the covert and over the green fields. He heard the cry of the hounds as they poured out of the covert behind him and then for one second he felt afraid. But only for a second, all his brain and being were bent on that grim race for life, there was no room for terror.

Nearly three miles he had gone now and still there was no respite. His tongue lolled from his mouth, he was black with mud and sweat. How different was this from the days when scent was bad and he trotted almost contemptuously along with the hounds searching for the scent in vain. Never before had he had such a gruelling.

For eight more fields he kept it up until his brain reeled and his eyes were dull. Then he ran through a hedge into a field where heaps of manure were piled ready for spreading. His cunning brain saw his chance:

Heavily and with difficulty he jumped upon the first heap, from that to the next and so across the field. When he came to the last heap he lay down and rolled himself in the evil-smelling mass. Then once again he ran on beneath the cover of a hedge. For another field he ran and then lay down in a

thicket and listened fearfully. He could do no more. He was spent and done, if the hounds solved his puzzle he would die. His lips drew back from his teeth in a silent snarl.

The hounds raced into the field and checked. All around they cast, but there was no trace of a line. The strong manure-smell had drowned the fox-taint. For a long time the huntsman persevered but to no avail. At last the crouching fox heard the long wail of the horn calling off the hounds. The trampling horse-hooves died away in the distance and the fox curled his weary body to rest.

For long after they had gone old Master Reynolds lay there until his heart had ceased its pounding and his breath came back to him. Then in the gloaming he rose, stretched himself stiffly, and set off to raid a hen-roost.

New Books I Can Recommend

By the Literary Critic

DR. G. P. GOOCH has just added the first volume of a new work to his already impressive list of books on European history and diplomacy during the past century.

The latest book is entitled "Before the War: Studies in Diplomacy" (Vol. I, Longmans, 10s.) and deals with the policies of Lansdowne, Delcassé, Bulow, Iswolsky and Aehrental.

In each case a brief historical retrospect is given as an introduction, the author holding that "though the personality of a Foreign Minister is a factor of importance, the main element in the determination of his policy is the national tradition, based as it always is on the foundations of geography."

The studies are based on the official and unofficial publications of recent years, and they have particular value because the author has no pet thesis of his own into which he is anxious to fit his facts, his sole object being to explain the actual formation of policies and the sequence of events as they occurred.

Lansdowne as Foreign Secretary

Here is his summing up of Lansdowne's five year rule at the Foreign Office:—

"By his breadth of conception, his firmness, his conciliatory temper, his skilful technique, he had won high rank among British Foreign Secretaries. His undeviating principle was *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. He had taken the helm at a moment when Great Britain was morally and politically isolated, and he had steered the ship through five eventful years. When he laid down his burden the position of the country appeared far safer and stronger. The Japanese Alliance and the defeat of Russia had removed all danger in the Far East. The reconciliation with France had secured a free hand in Egypt. London and Washington were on excellent terms. The only cloud on the horizon was the growing tension with Germany."

In his second and concluding volume Dr. Gooch will treat of the policies of Grey, Poincaré, Bethmann Hollweg, Sazonoff and Berchtold.

Mr. Charles Kingston has collected an amazing gallery of rogues to present to his readers in his new and entertaining book "Both Sides of the Dock" (Andrew Melrose, illustrated, 16s.).

For sheer audacity and impudence it would be difficult, some might think, to beat the forger who sold the "letters" of the Twelve Apostles and Mary Magdalene to a member of the French Academy or that other gentleman with three aliases who made a fortune out of the sale of shares in a mythical greyhound stadium.

But perhaps Mr. Kingston is right in giving the palm to Mr. Samuel Tilden, whose portrait he places first in his gallery, and to whom he gives the title of "the complete rogue."

Within forty-eight hours of his last visit to the police as a convict released on license Samuel Tilden had taken a furnished flat in Jermyn Street, written to the (first) Duke of Wellington offering to guarantee £20,000 towards the expenses of the International Exhibition and had collected nearly £3,000 for himself.

He then dined with the old Duke, supported the ex-Lord Chancellor Lord Brougham at a meeting in the City and was presented by the Duke at a Levée at St. James' Palace!

Unhappily for Tilden he was recognised at the Levée by the Judge who had sentenced him at the Old Bailey. His presentation was accordingly cancelled and his promising career of imposture brought to an abrupt end.

Anecdotes About Royalty

The late Detective Inspector Herbert T. Fitch was a Special Branch officer who was constantly selected as guardian of Royal personages, including the late King George, our new King and members of other Ruling Houses.

On his retirement he wrote an interesting book about some of his experiences under the title

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"Traitors Within." He had almost completed a second book when he was found dead in his study chair.

This has now been finished by his literary collaborator, Mr. F. S. Stuart, and is published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett ("Memoirs of a Royal Detective," illustrated, 18s.).

It is a lively chronicle full of amusing and illuminating anecdotes about the Royalties Inspector Fitch had to guard. There is the story of Harry Lauder outside the Royal Box at the Palace concluding a conversation with George Ashton with the words "Good nicht, George, and guid luck" just at the precise moment that King George and Queen Mary emerged into the corridor, the comedian being greeted in turn with a Royal chuckle and "Guid nicht, Harry, and the same tae you" in the broadest Scots.

Then there is the tale of Edward VII's courage in averting a panic at the Court Theatre when there was a sudden explosion and the auditorium and stage were plunged in darkness. The audience saw the King calmly standing up in the Royal Box his face illuminated by an electric torch.

"Like everyone else, he supposed at the moment that an attempt was being made or had been made on his person; yet he stood there focussed in the light of the torch—a perfect target."

Famous Waterfalls

The manifold requirements of modern civilisation have too often caused havoc to the beauties and wonders of nature, and it was, Mr. Edward C. Rashleigh tells us, the "rapidly increasing spoiliation, amounting in some cases to entire destruction, of so many of the notable waterfalls" that prompted him to the task of recording the features of the most famous of them while they still retained "something of their pristine grandeur."

The results of his travels and investigations for this purpose are set out in a copiously and attractively illustrated book "Among the Waterfalls of the World" (Jarrolds, with over 90 illustrations and plans, 18s.).

On the question "which is the greatest waterfall in the world," Mr. Rashleigh remarks that the three main factors to be taken into account are volume, height and width and that of these three the first two are the most important. He goes on to say:—

"It is perhaps natural that the wide falls of the world, such as Niagara, the Victoria and those of the Iguazu River, filling the eye as they do by reason of their great breadth, should have been the most often described and illustrated; but there are others of but slight width which fully rival the above three in point of volume and height, and indeed some of them, though during their flood seasons only, surpass even Niagara, not merely in the latter, but also in the former respect. As far as the factor of volume is concerned, Guayra on the Alto Parana is in a class by itself, the Khon Cataracts on the Mekong alone approaching it. This vast mass of Guayra, however, is divided up into at least eighteen separate falls, so that as regards any single undivided fall the Horseshoe at Niagara taking its mean yearly volume day in and day out, remains unsurpassed in that respect by any other in the world; that is, of course, in its natural condition and before its waters began to be diverted."

At the end of the book is a table showing the ascertained dimensions and volumes of all the giant falls.

Chemical Discovery and Invention

Sir William Tilden's "Chemical Discovery and Invention in the Twentieth Century" first appeared in 1917 and it quickly passed through five editions.

The time has now come to revise it and since its author is dead, the work of revision has been entrusted to Dr. S. Glasstone, Lecturer in Chemistry at the University of Sheffield (Routledge, illustrated, 15s.).

Dr. Glasstone has carried out the work with laudable thoroughness while at the same time preserving, wherever possible, the style and characteristic view point of the original author.

The four parts of the book concern "Chemical laboratories and the work done in them," "Modern Discoveries and Theories," "Modern Applications of Chemistry" and "Modern Progress in Organic Chemistry."

The relatively greater importance of "pure" over "applied chemistry" is insisted upon throughout the book.

"Admitting that there is need for closer attention to the use of science for practical ends, it seems scarcely open to doubt that the greatest benefits to the world have accrued from the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, and without regard to the possible applications of the knowledge gained to immediate useful purposes. Without such untrammelled enquiry the world would be still in the condition of Europe in the Dark Ages."

Game and Their Prey

Volume XX of the Lonsdale Library is entitled "Game Birds, Beasts and Fishes" (Seeley Service, with over eighty illustrations, 15s.).

The title hardly does justice to the comprehensive character of this new and welcome addition to the Sportsmen's Library.

The author is the Editor-in-Chief of the *Field*, Mr. Eric Parker, and he is not content to discourse out of his wealth of natural lore merely of game birds, beasts and fishes, but feels it incumbent on him also to include in his survey what are generally classed as "vermin," holding that these wild creatures deserve something better than to be "placed in a degraded class because they happen to prey on other birds and beasts which we decide we wish to kill for ourselves."

The result is some delightful chapters on wild cats, badgers, stoats, herons, sparrow-hawks and the like, the space so devoted in no way interfering with an adequate treatment of the main subject. This is a book to please both the natural history lover and the sportsman.

Other Books Worth Reading

Mr. Richard S. Lambert has made a careful and illuminating study of nine peculiar murder trials in a book entitled "When Justice Faltered" (Methuen, with eight plates, 10s. 6d.). The cases fall within a period of 1850-1875 and include several varieties of *crime passionel* in England, France and America; three unjust convictions followed by death sentences; and a remarkable struggle for reprieve on a curious technical point. He shows an undoubted gift for exposition, and the comments with which he sums up every case are shrewd and convincing.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Peril of Supplies

SIR.—Mr. A. J. Siggins has struck a very shrewd blow at our complacency when he asks: "Where are our supplies coming from if we are forced to fight a war?"

His idea of a Southern Base line seems to me to be sounder than anything we have heard from our Council of Imperial Defence. It is an accepted fact now that the Mediterranean would be a dangerous cul-de-sac in time of war with any Continental Power. The Suez Canal would then be useless; have we fuel bases, or any bases, on the East Coast of Africa?

If we are going to defend the Empire, let us do it properly. Supplies from the Argentine and all South American ports would not reach us. It is doubtful whether they would reach us from Australia. The Government should be forced to satisfy every man and woman in England that precautions have been taken to deal with supplies before they contemplate spending money on armaments, as without food supplies all our fleets, aircraft and armies are useless. Suppose an enemy imposed sanctions on us?

This is the most important issue that has been raised, and no Government should attempt to evolve a foreign policy for the British Isles until it has been settled.

You, Sir, have done a great public service in publishing Mr. Siggins' letter.

M. HILL (Col.).

Park Lane Court, Park Lane, W.

A Vital Issue

SIR.—As a woman I want to see the letter of Mr. A. J. Siggins, in this week's issue, answered.

Where are our supplies coming from in case of war with, say, Germany or Japan? (Mrs.) B. SPITZEL.

8a, Phillimore Court, W.9.

Protect the Farmer

SIR.—Agriculture was again in the background during the Election campaign, yet most of the trade agreements expire this year.

Unfortunately we are saddled with a so-called "National" Government, and although the majority of members returned are in favour of tariffs, the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Walter Runciman, is a *Free Trader* and also the author of trade agreements. He was returned unopposed in a *rural* constituency. Mr. Elliot, Minister of Agriculture, just scrambled home in an *industrial* one.

It is to be hoped that the Government will not only put the machinery in motion immediately to build up our sadly neglected defence forces, but also seriously consider what is really our first line of defence—our stomachs.

We must no longer rely upon imported foreign food-stuffs. By gradually stopping imports we will not only bring back prosperity to the land, but at the same time make ourselves self-supporting in the event of another war.

The Lord Mayor must be congratulated upon this year's fine show. A step in the right direction to make the public land-minded.

PHILIP A. MADDOCKS.
146, Downton Avenue, Streatham Hill,
London, S.W.2.

Why Put Back MacDonald?

SIR.—Mr. Baldwin's cynical and contemptuous decision to put back the MacDonalds into politics in spite of the overwhelming verdict of the people is an excellent commentary on his professed tenderness for democratic principles. Mr. MacDonald is a successful politician, but I have never heard that he has done anything good for England in his whole life.

L. E. HOPKINS, Lieut.-Col.

*16, Farquhar Road,
Upper Norwood.*

More Congratulations

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

I have received a copy of your leaflet about Ramsay MacDonald, and I entirely agree with what you have written.

I hope you will forgive the liberty I am taking in writing to say how much I appreciate the great service you have done by putting the facts so clearly before the nation, and to express the hope that a copy will be sent to every elector for the Scottish Universities.

The Conservative support of the MacDonalds passes all comprehension. Another of Ramsay MacDonald's "Services" is the appointment of the mad Commission now sitting, with the object of stopping the manufacture of arms in this country.

I cannot help writing to thank you, and I hope you will accept this as my apology.

S. ROBSON, M.A. (I.C.S., retired).
Dorset House, Pittville Lawn, Cheltenham.

Stop This Jobbery

SIR.—The persistent "boosting" of the MacDonalds by the Conservative Central Office and by Mr. Baldwin is both nauseating to genuine Conservative electors and destructive to the only political creed—genuine or forthright Conservatism—by which this country can be patriotically and prosperously administered.

These two place-hunters have been ignominiously rejected by their own constituents, who know their attributes better than anyone else, and it is flagrant jobbery and nepotism on the part of the Central Office to seek to foist these political derelicts upon constituencies which have shown clearly that, left to themselves, they do not want them.

The whole idea of a so-called "National" Socialist minute rump or tail wagging the huge Conservative dog is repugnant to Conservative electors throughout the country.

It has been suggested in the Baldwin Press that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald "founded" the "National" Party; but we have only to hark back to realise that what Mr. MacDonald did was to lead a Socialist Maladministration which well-nigh ruined the nation, and after having done this to scuttle away from the leaking Socialist craft and to clamber on to the Conservative ship upon the specious and fraudulent plea that he had suddenly "come all over patriotic."

This professional politician, agitator and political renegade will only be remembered by his war-time record, which should alone have rendered him as unnecessary to the Conservative Party as a corn upon the foot. Apart from this, we know him for his verbose and meaningless meanderings, which could only be useless to any party. His son has no credentials whatever to entitle him either to place or emolument, and it was a shameful piece of wholly unjustified favouritism to have pitchforked such a tyro into an important Ministerial appointment.

The Conservative Party is rich in political talent of the patriotic kind, and there is less than no need to taint the overwhelming mass of Conservatism in the House of Commons with this flotsam and jetsam of discredited Socialism upon the specious and fraudulent plea of national "unity."

The sooner that the Central Office shall revert to Conservatism of the Joseph Chamberlain type the better it will be for the nation and the Empire, and Mr. Baldwin ought either dissociate himself from the jobbery which is threatening to alienate Conservatism up and down the country or to give place to a leader who will, by patriotism and political honesty, ensure that the Socialist Party shall be kept out of office and power for evil indefinitely.

PHILIP H. BAYER.

58, Welbeck St., London, W.1.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Treachery in Glasgow

SIR.—H.M.'s Government have fully admitted the urgency of what they call "filling the gaps" in the Defence Forces, that is to say, making them strong instead of weak. In the matter of officers, they have always held to it (even the "Labour" and "Liberal" ticketed Ministers) that the school O.T.C.'s are necessary.

The revolutionary enemies of our King and country now in the ascendant in the Glasgow Corporation are destroying the fine O.T.C.'s there and are pouring insult and contempt upon the Defence Forces and upon the King's uniform.

No local body can carry on with its social services for a day without Treasury help, and least of all spendthrift sticky-palmed Glasgow. Any Government with even the guts of a mouse would say to this egregious collection of dames and other drivellers—"you try to upset us over Defence—well, pay your own way—you get no more from here." Glasgow would soon see the direct result of its Co-operators, Beverley-Nichols mania.

The self-imposed impotence of a Government which goes on feeding its enemies out of our money is truly nauseating.

O. C. G. HAYTER.

24, Longton Avenue, S.E.26.

Fair Play for Italy

SIR.—In the case of the League attitude towards Italy in the present tragic contingency, one aspect of the case and one aspect only has been revealed in its entirety to the British public. The case against Ethiopia has not been fairly presented to public opinion in this country, and on the other hand the real significance of "sanctions" is being deliberately withheld.

The public is not reminded of Italy's great historical destiny, of her past and present contributions to our civilisation, of her services to mankind. It is forgotten that Columbus, Marco Polo, Volta, Raffaello, Marconi (to mention but a few) are Italian names. The 600,000 dead and the 1,000,000 wounded in the Great War have likewise been forgotten. We are not told of the treaties torn up and solemn pledges given to Italy that have never been kept.

There is nothing so despicable, so insidious than the half-truth, and yet it is nothing more than half-truths that are being served up to the public day by day, in the form of unconfirmed reports and mendacious comment. Misrepresentation of facts has been brought to a fine art, and thus the public has no means of viewing the situation in its right perspective.

Let us be Fair

Can nothing be done to remedy this state of things? Surely this is an opportunity for independent publications to place all the facts before the public, to give them all the factors of the present situation in its historic background, to enable the people of this country to judge for themselves, calmly, dispassionately and in the light of their own consciences whether they are justified in supporting the Government's policy in the present circumstances and whether they should not repudiate at once and unequivocably, before it be too late, a policy which, in spite of unwarranted assumptions to the contrary, never has had and never can have the approval of the majority of those who are aware of all the facts.

This is in the nature of an appeal to all fair-thinking citizens to endeavour to withhold judgment on an issue about which they do not possess complete information, an issue which if the present attitude is persisted in will inevitably conduce to the most catastrophic results for this country and for the whole world.

When, and not before, the public has had an oppor-

tunity of forming a considered opinion after all the factors of the case have been carefully weighed and appreciated, then it will assuredly be realised that the problem is not merely one of deciding certain moral principles in the light of the Covenant of the so-called League of Nations arising from a reputed act of aggression on the part of the Mother of our civilisation against the savage hordes of Ethiopia, but that it is far more complex and involves vastly more profound issues than those appearing on the surface to the man-in-the-street.

J. H. CAMERON-CURRY.

49, Yorkland Avenue, Welling, Kent.

"Collective Sanctions"

SIR.—As the Council of the League of Nations concerned with the application of "Collective Sanctions" is due to meet on the 20th January, it is opportune and important to draw public attention to the considered opinion of Mr. Edward S. Cox-Sinclair, the well-known expert on International Law, on this subject.

Summarised as briefly as possible, Mr. Cox-Sinclair's decision—after a clear and comprehensive review of the whole position—is *against* the validity of the course pursued so far by the Sanctionist States claiming to act under the authority of Article 16 of the Covenant. He so holds it a matter of law even on the assumption that the League was right in its findings of fact against Italy under Article 15.

He maintains that "Collective Sanctions at the instance of the 'Sanctionist' States have no warrant in International Law." He describes this term "Collective Sanctions" as a "species of legal fiction" invented by the Sanctionist States "so that what they did in combination could be represented as being done under the League of Nations itself." He expresses the definite view that the Sanctionist States have disregarded the specific provisions of the Covenant itself; that Collective Sanctions are *ultra vires* the Covenant of the League, and that their application does not accord with the procedure prescribed by the Covenant. He concludes that the League cannot legally authorise the implementing of Collective Sanctions. The "Sanctionist" States cannot therefore presume to exercise an authority given by the League which the latter is incapable of according.

These views are precise in their indictment of the illegality of Collective Sanctions. They put those who are pressing for an extension of Sanctions into the dilemma of urging the continued recourse to illegal action in the name of law. Already there is reason to believe that those in authority are aware of the weakness of their present position, and are desirous of "liquidating" their diplomatic deficits.

F. VICTOR FISHER,

Hon. Director,
British-Italian Council for
Peace and Friendship.

49, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3.

Our Polygot Rulers

SIR.—As the "Saturday" belongs to that, alas! so small minority of English publications which seem to have kept their heads, might I ask the courtesy of your pages if not to learn, at least to inquire what the sane, normal, commonsense Englishman feels like when waking to find that he is, at least by programme, no longer governed by King, Parliament, the permanent officials or even by "dispatch boxes mitigated by the occasional loss of a key," but by a mysterious agglomerate of Poles, Slavs, Portuguese, Lithuanians, selected in no very open manner, but assembled; a category whose units must be better defined in Larousse than elsewhere as "*étranger dont les movens d'existence sont inconnus.*" (This definition follows the term *rastaquouère* in Larousse, but where else can we find a better?)

EZRA POUND.

Rapallo.

THEATRE NOTES

"Richard III."

The Old Vic.

By Shakespeare

IT is not often that one has the opportunity of seeing Richard III. enacted upon a stage in these days, belonging as it does to the less popular of the Bard's tragedies, but there is no doubt that Mr. Henry Cass' production at the Old Vic is worthy of a change of attitude on the part of the theatre-going public towards it. He has handled a large cast and difficult script in admirable fashion and with the help of Eric Newton and Bagnall Harris in the matter of settings, Betty Dyson who designed the costumes, and J. Egan in the matter of lighting, has once again proved his capabilities as a producer.

William Devlin, whose work has gone from strength to strength since I first saw him as a student some two years ago at the Embassy Theatre, portrays the twisted Gloucester with the finish that one would have expected only from an artist of much greater experience. Cecil Trouncer, too, managed to convey the whole gamut of Buckingham's emotions through friendship with and betrayal by the king. Vivienne Bennett as Lady Anne, Ursula Granville as Elizabeth, Queen to Edward IV and especially Helen Haye as

Margaret, widow to Henry VI, each interpreted her part with such sincerity that for the time they had the stage to themselves one forgot the men concerned in the play. There were, too, excellent performances by Ion Swinley as Edward the Fourth, Tony Williamson as the young Prince of Wales and Leo Genn as Sir James Tyrrel.

"Faust"

Lyric Hammersmith

THE fact that I prefer my Faust with music did not prevent me from deriving a certain pleasure from Mr. Arthur Phillips' Hammersmith production. It took a certain amount of concentration to appreciate a joint without any "veg," but the fare on the whole was not too indigestible.

It does not fall to everybody's lot to see a Mephistopheles with a decided wink in his eye, a sort of Satanic Bud Flanagan who might at any moment ejaculate a demoniacal "O!" That he did not actually do so is a tribute to Mr. Arthur Phillips' restraint even though it left the audience with a feeling of frustration.

Miss Maureen Shaw's Margaret was a suitable foil to this Mephistopheles, and there were several other laudable performances. I have to thank Mr. Phillips for bringing to my notice a literary curiosity of whose existence I was not previously aware.

C.S.

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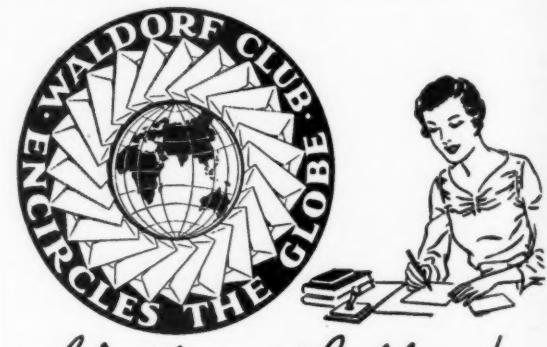
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AYLESBURY, Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 22/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND—Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST—Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL—Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

BOURNE END, Bucks.—The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1 miles. Yachting, fishing.

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BROADSTAIRS, Kent.—Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

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CALLENDER, Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE.—Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

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FALMOUTH, Cornwall.—The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2.—Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26 Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/- Lun., 3/-. Din., 5/-. Tennis, golf.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire.—Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian.—Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-. Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY—Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon.—Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

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KESWICK, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

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LOCH AWE, Argyll.—Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

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TEIGNMOUTH, Devon.—Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY, Glos.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6 1/2 gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY.—The Grand Hotel, Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf. Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

TYNDRUM, Perthshire.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 5/-. Sup., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Australia's Legal Battle in London

From an Australian Correspondent

"THE imposition of uniform duties of customs, trade, commerce and intercourse among the States, whether by means of internal carriage or ocean navigation, shall be absolutely free."

Thus reads Section 92 of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia.

A legal battle over its interpretation will be waged at the Easter sittings of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

The decision of the supreme tribunal of the Empire is of high importance to trade in Australia and to the relations between the Commonwealth and the States.

The Federal Government is sending its Attorney-General, Mr. Robert Menzies, K.C., to represent it before the Privy Council.

Mr. Menzies will appear also for Victoria, which, like New South Wales and Queensland, supports the Commonwealth's interpretation of this section of the Constitution.

Mr. H. E. Manning, K.C., Attorney-General for New South Wales, arrives in London this week to represent his own Government and that of Queensland.

West Australia and Tasmania are intervening on the opposite side from the Commonwealth.

Among the counsel they have retained is Mr. Paul Springman.

Mr. Springman was junior to Mr. J. H. Morgan, K.C., in another recent Australian political issue—the inquiry by the Joint Select Committee of Lords and Commons which ruled that West Australia's petition for secession from the Federation was "not proper to be received." On that occasion, too, he appeared against the Commonwealth.

The case to be decided by the Privy Council figures in the list as James v. the Commonwealth.

There will be personal as well as political interest in the hearing, for Mr. Wilfrid Barton, who appears for the appellant, is a son of Sir Edmund Barton, first Prime Minister of Australia.

The son will thus be contesting before the Privy Council the interpretation by later Governments of the Constitution which his father helped to create.

Briefly, the appeal of Mr. F. A. James, an Adelaide fruit merchant, is against the declaration of the Australian High Court that the Commonwealth Dried Fruits Acts and regulations are not inconsistent with Section 92 of the Constitution.

The case is regarded as the most momentous politico-economic issue

that Australia has sent to the Privy Council.

A finding against the Commonwealth might wreck the extensive marketing-control legislation of recent years.

It has been suggested, also, that such a decision would involve an alteration in the Constitution and bear upon the Navigation Act, by which some of the States—notably the two intervening against the Commonwealth—claim to be deprived of certain shipping services to which they are entitled under the Federal Constitution.

How deeply the matter goes is shown by the intervention of all but one State—South Australia, whose attitude is still being considered.

OUR LATE KING'S IMPERIAL CREED

"The British Empire depends for its security and prosperity on good will between its constituent peoples; and the one sure foundation for that good will is a full knowledge of our mutual aspirations, capacities and needs. To seek knowledge, more knowledge, and again more knowledge of the great heritage which has been entrusted to us is the soundest Imperial policy."

Justifying Newfoundland's Faith

By G. Delap Stevenson

IT is just two years since Newfoundland showed her absolute faith in England by laying down her long held powers of self-government and putting herself unreservedly in the hands of the Mother Country.

Both Houses of Parliament voted the end of their existence, and the Governing Commission, of three Englishmen and three Newfoundlanders, under the chairmanship of the Governor, took over in February, 1934.

The suspension of self-government is for an indefinite period, but the end of the second year is a good moment to consider the Commission's work, and, since a new Governor, Sir Humphrey Walwyn, is now going out, the first lap seems to have come to an end.

Things are certainly far more cheerful than in the dark days after 1931, when Newfoundland credit failed.

The Commission brought with it a British guarantee which made it possible to convert the huge national debt of \$100,000,000 from 5 per cent. to 8 per cent. It also set about vigorous internal reorganisation.

The result is that at the last budget, this July, revenue had risen over the previous year by \$1,000,000. Since revenue comes mainly from customs, and since the Commission's policy has been consistently to lower tariffs, this means a real increase in purchasing power.

External trade, of course, depends on world conditions.

The newsprint mills have continued in full work right through the depression, the quality of Newfoundland wood and lower wages than those offered by Canadian and American competitors giving an advantage.

Lately the export of raw wood has also been developed, and there is a promising two-way trade of Newfoundland pit props and Welsh coal.

The bulk of Newfoundland iron ore used to go to Germany, but exchange difficulties are now dislocating this market. Every effort is being made to sell iron ore in Great Britain, which buys largely from foreign countries, and at any rate one big contract has been secured for 1936.

It is the codfish, however, on which the Newfoundlanders really depend, and here again the market has been completely upset by exchange difficulties, for the countries chiefly served belong to Southern Europe and South America.

In spite of difficulties abroad, however, the Commission has found a great deal they can do internally.

With a Government free of politics and concentrating only on efficiency, and a population of only 300,000, Newfoundland is almost like a model farm.

New ideas can be tried out without too much risk or dislocation. Land settlement is a development for which the country is particularly suitable.

The urban and mining unemployed are not a generation away from the fisher-farmers from whom they came, and Newfoundland at present imports a great part of her vegetables, root crops and milk products.

This means that there is a home market ready for the settlers who can produce these necessities.

The settlement is being paid for by the capitalisation of unemployment funds, and the men begin by clearing the ground and building their houses. The work is said to be bringing about an extraordinary improvement in their morale.

Various public works, chiefly road-making, are also giving employment, and for the first time a serious attempt is being made to develop Labrador.

Up till now there have only been the "planters," who set up temporary settlements there during the fishing season, and a few scattered permanent residents, mostly trappers, known as "liviers."

The Commission has also thoroughly reorganised the Civil Service and has made arrangements for poor fishermen to repair their boats and gear and get cheaper petrol.

The money for all the schemes has come from direct British grants and the Colonial Development Fund.

Here was a Pioneer

YET another of Southern Rhodesia's links with her early history has been broken, for one of the most picturesque of her pioneers has died at Salisbury at the age of 84.

Captain Henry Francis Hoste, known as "Skipper" Hoste, had an adventurous career.

His great-uncle was Admiral Sir William Hoste who, when he joined the Navy as a midshipman, was sent by coach to the port at which he was to join with a label round his neck addressed to Nelson.

Following this tradition, Henry spent his early years at sea and was commodore of a shipping line, which called at South African ports.

He left to join the Pioneers Column in Southern Rhodesia in 1898. He was appointed commander of a pioneer troop under Colonel (then Major) Frank Johnson, and it was Skipper Hoste who cut the pole for the first Union Jack to fly over Salisbury.

Later Hoste, with Captain Patrick Forbes, played a leading part in adventurous activities on the eastern border.

These activities secured a large tract of territory for Rhodesia, but led to conflict with the Portuguese, culminating in the arrest of Portuguese leaders and the departure of Forbes with a handful of men to capture Beira.

Hoste had lived in Southern Rhodesia ever since.

The Canadian Credit Conference

CANADA has been holding a conference on finance and public debts, and has worked out a scheme which it is hoped will put provincial credit on a sound basis.

The financial conference followed the meeting of Mr. Mackenzie King and the Provincial Premiers, and was attended by the Dominion Finance Minister, Mr. Dunning, and the Treasurers of the different provinces.

They had a difficult task, for they had to reconcile an intransigent love of provincial independence with financial dependence on the Dominion. They had also to deal with a strong body of revolutionary ideas about finance and credit.

Alberta, for instance, is committed to a fantastic doctrine of social credit. There was recently trouble about Vancouver bond payments, while the Premier and

Treasurer of Ontario, who was not at the conference, caused anxiety a few months ago about the Ontario power contracts.

It is not only that people are putting forward repudiation and financial experiment as policies, but in actual fact the provincial treasuries have not got the money, and the Dominion itself has had budget deficits for the last few years.

These mixed problems of theories and hard cash have been dealt with by a compromise.

There is to be no great all-Canada refunding scheme, nor is there to be a loan council of the Australian type in which all resources, both State and Federal, are pooled.

Instead, there are going to be individual arrangements between the Dominion and those provinces which "contract in."

The EMPIRE'S MOURNING Some Tributes.

Mr. R. B. Bennett (former Premier of Canada): "King George's death means to one-fourth of the peoples of the world a personal sorrow, the mourning of a grief-stricken people not only for a beloved sovereign, but for their sympathetic and understanding friend.

"At no time has the British Throne been more firmly established in the hearts of the people. The fact is an enduring monument to the life work of the departed King."

Mr. Mackenzie King (Canadian Prime Minister): "Canada shares with the British Commonwealth in mourning the loss of one whose personality and public service strengthened the bonds of their friendship and unity, and who as man and King enjoyed universal esteem and affection."

Mr. J. A. Lyons (Prime Minister of Australia): "It is hard to realise that the King is no more. In his reign he led the people with wisdom, dignity and devotion, through perilous days. Australians mourn the passing of a beloved monarch."

Viscount Galway (Governor-General of New Zealand): "The death of His Majesty is mourned by all classes. His magnificent example of devotion to duty, and his carrying out of the highest conceptions of sovereignty, have left their permanent mark in history, and on the relations between this Dominion and the Mother Country."

"The hearts of all are grieving with Your Majesty in this overwhelming sorrow, and pray that the knowledge that your grief is shared by the whole Empire may be a consolation."

The Dominion will guarantee a province's credit if that province will accept a certain degree of financial supervision and earmark certain revenues for debt payments.

There is to be a National Loan Council, with co-ordinating and advisory functions, for the whole Dominion.

This means that there is to be no mutual support among the provinces; it is a purely Dominion-Provincial relationship.

Though less comprehensive than the Australian scheme, it suits the Canadian situation where the provinces differ greatly in the strength of their credit, and where the difference of race makes it almost impossible to include Quebec in any amalgamation.

A committee is meeting on January 28 to study the amendment of the Constitution which will be necessary to establish the arrangement.

In the meantime the Dominion has helped Alberta pay up a maturing issue but with the comment that this kind of thing cannot be done without proper guarantees, which it is assumed Alberta has given, though they are not stated.

Ceylon's Trade Progress

A REPORT just issued by the Colonial Office, shows that during 1934 Ceylon's trade increased by £7,725,000, or 27 per cent.

The value of the total trade of Ceylon in that year was Rs. 480,806,000, or approximately £36,060,450.

This total, which is higher than any previous year since 1931, shows that the decline of trade, which began with the setting in of the depression in 1929, has at long last been arrested.

Both imports and exports shared in this increase, but the improvement in the latter was proportionately greater than in the former.

The value of exports amounted to £19,785,750, or 32 per cent. more than in 1933, while imports reached a total of £16,275,000, indicating an increase of 28 per cent. over the previous year.

The visible balance of trade accordingly rose to £3,510,750 in favour of Ceylon. This is the largest favourable balance of trade recorded since 1927 and, in comparison with 1933, showed an excess of £1,800,000.

The Report also shows a phenomenal increase in the number of motor cars and motor lorries imported. Arrivals of motor cars increased from 932 in 1933 to 1,913 in 1934; of these 81 per cent., 1,555, was imported from the United Kingdom.

The Report is one of 40 that will be published on the social and economic progress of the peoples of the Colonies and Protectorates and is a miniature encyclopædia on all matters connected with Ceylon, containing information on every aspect and phase of the Island's general condition.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Three Great Waves of British Emigration

By Professor A. P. Newton

TO most of those who only know the history of the British Empire from the pages of old-fashioned text-books, it appears scrappy and disjointed.

It seems to lose in interest as we approach the end of the nineteenth century, and this is natural enough when we confine our attention to battles and wars which lend themselves to lurid description like much of the Empire-building of the eighteenth century.

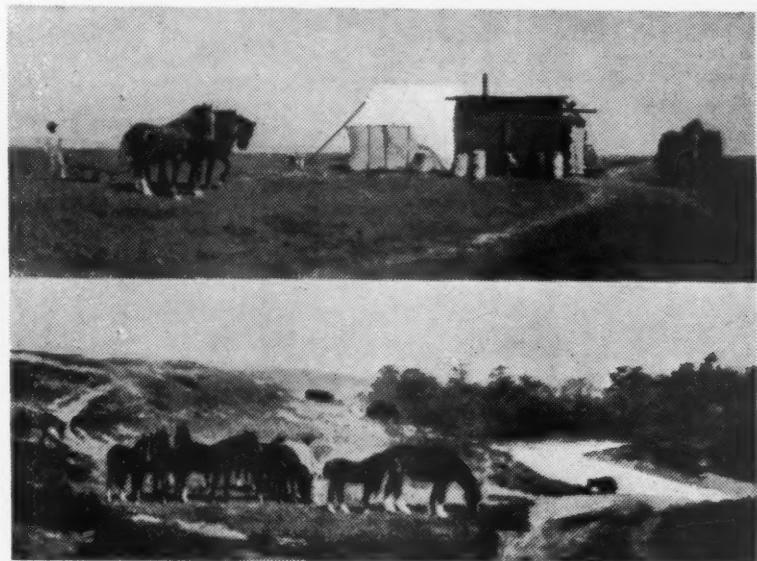
The growth of the Empire in the nineteenth century was a gradual and steady process, and most of it lay in the economic sphere where achievements do not lend themselves to easy description and there are fewer outstanding personalities than in politics or military affairs.

The great builders of the Empire during that period were neither soldiers nor statesmen, but the masses of British men and women who left their native shores to found for themselves new homes across the seas.

It was these nameless and inarticulate multitudes who were the true Empire pioneers, and by their outpouring into what had been an unpeopled wilderness where they built up new and thriving settlements, they added enormously to the area and wealth of the British realms.

Emigration on a great scale from the British Islands has not been continuous throughout the history of the Empire, though it has never wholly ceased at any period until the last few years.

There have been three periods when emigration swelled into great waves and such a large proportion of the British peoples passed oversea



(Top) The settlers' first home in the Canadian prairie.
(Bottom) A horse ranch near Calgary during the early period of settlement of Western Canada.

within a few years that the life of those who remained behind was modified and great new communities were built up in distant lands.

The first wave was the Great Emigration of 1629 to 1642, when the foundations of new English-speaking colonies were laid on the Atlantic sea-board of North America, to become a hundred and forty years later the United States.

There was comparatively little English emigration during the eighteenth century, for there was a rising standard of living in England and ample opportunities for energetic men to improve their position, so that they were not attracted to pioneering in the colonies.

Besides this, the Government did not encourage the emigration of free men, for they wished to build up the population at home and looked upon the passage of skilled and active men oversea as a loss to the national wealth.

The second great wave of emigration came after the Napoleonic wars, when the population of the British Islands had enormously increased, so that it was beginning to press upon the means of subsistence and there was great poverty and depression.

The wave steadily mounted after 1837, during the time we call the "hungry 'forties," but by the time of the Crimean War in the middle 'fifties it had largely spent itself, and during the 'sixties and 'seventies only a much smaller proportion of the population desired to emigrate.

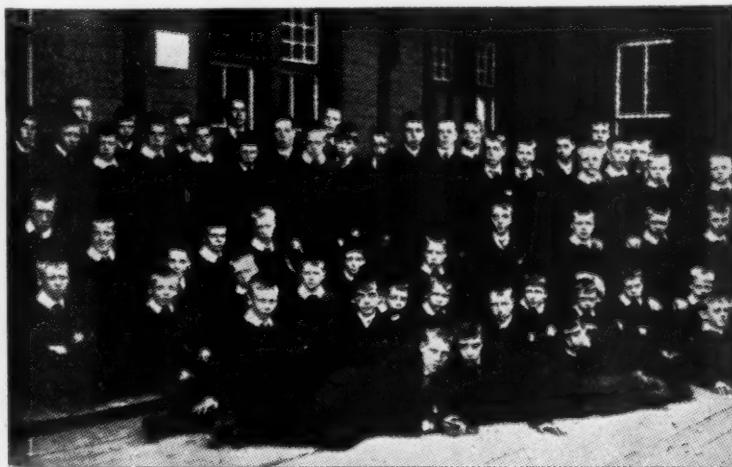
While this second wave was at its height, Eastern Canada received a large new English-speaking population, and great and flourishing new communities were established in Australia and New Zealand.

The third great wave of emigration rose after the severe depression of 1879-80, and for nearly twenty years, down to the outbreak of the South African war in 1899, it carried out large numbers of men and women from all parts of the British Isles in search of new opportunities in the outer Empire.

Many of them went to South Africa, attracted by the stories of wealth to be won on the Diamond Fields of Kimberley and the treasure house of the gold mines on the Witwatersrand, but the greater part of the stream of emigrants went out to Western Canada to take up free land in the newly-opened Prairie Provinces.

There they began to raise wheat and cattle in enormous quantities and so to supply the ever-increasing demand of the home population for imported foodstuffs.

It was by their exertions that the cost of living in the towns of Britain was reduced and the standard of life was raised between 1880 and 1900 to an extent that had never been known in any previous period.



Boy immigrants from Great Britain, arrived at an institution in Western Canada.

The City Mourns The King

By Our City Editor

NEWS of the King's death was received in the City with profound grief and, indeed, it is at such times of national sorrow or rejoicing that the stone-cold stolidity for which the City is famous gives way to a living sentiment shared alike by the highest and the lowest of its workers. Just as the Jubilee rejoicing, so fresh in all our memories, acted as a stimulus to business, so the mourning which succeeds it must have the effect of bringing the City's business almost to a standstill for a time and in the quiet period which follows such a blow to public hopefulness, the investor will naturally be inclined to look around cautiously and to examine the future for possible storms rather than for probable brightness.

Recovery at Home and Abroad

The satisfactory returns for employment and overseas trade with which 1935 ended accomplished much to dispel the doubts entertained by many as to whether recovery at home had not reached its peak, but there is still more than a suspicion among those in a position to know that we cannot go very much further along the road to prosperity unless we are accompanied by America and, perhaps at a later stage, by the "Gold Bloc," and notably France.

It is the disturbance caused by the Supreme Court decisions on various New Deal administrations which most affects commodity prices and, with some exceptions, these have moved less reassuringly of late than for some time past. On the other hand, such influences are only temporary, and we have to balance against them the fact that the U.S. automobile output this month is estimated at 390,000 with sales at 20 per cent. above those for the corresponding period of 1925. It is little wonder, on this basis, that the Rubber market has been so strong. But the fact remains that with conditions uncertain in America for the next month or two, and with the "gold bloc" still practising deflation in an attempt to avoid devaluation, Britain's efforts cannot be directed any further than consolidation of the ground she has gained in 1935.

A View on Rubber Shares

Few investors in Great Britain have not some small stake in the Rubber market, and most of these stakes were acquired at prices considerably above those ruling. Consequently, the recent rise in Rubber shares will draw the attention of more and more sellers as prices approach nearer to the level at which original buyers entered. This is not to say that Rubber shares have not a bright future, but it will be some time before that future is realised. The price of the commodity has now reached 67d. per lb. and stocks in the consuming countries are at last responding to the pressure of the Regulation scheme. It may safely be assumed that there are no further invisible stocks to come forward when the price is moving unfavourably

to consumers. But the facts overlooked by many entrants to the Rubber share market are the rapid rise in costs under the Regulation Scheme and the lag in the price throughout almost the whole of last year. Consequently, results of the estate companies for 1935 are likely to make a poor showing. The short view of the market therefore, must allow for some reaction in share prices on profit-taking though the long view may safely be "bullish."

National Building Society

Further all-round increases were reported by the National Building Society for the year to October 31 last, share capital being £2,079,537 higher at £24,594,989 while mortgage assets were £2,457,361 up at £24,594,553. Reserves were augmented by £202,372, to a total of £1,295,946, while total assets amounted to £27,281,737, an increase of £2,394,049. The number of mortgages granted in the past year was a record for the Society which has played a big part in providing financial accommodation for house purchasers and improving housing conditions. The directors anticipate continuation of the demand for mortgages in the New Year, and members of the Society may invest up to £4,980 at 3 per cent. tax-free, under present conditions.

BARCLAYS BANK

LIMITED

WILLIAM FAVILL TUKE, Chairman.
EDWIN FISHER, Deputy Chairman.
HUGH EXTON SEEBOHM, Vice-Chairman.
WILLIAM MACNAMARA GOODENOUGH, Vice-Chairman.
General Managers : A. W. TUKE, W. O. STEVENSON, N. S. JONES.
Foreign General Manager : B. J. FOSTER.

Statement of Accounts 31st December, 1935

LIABILITIES		£	£
Current, Deposit and other Accounts, including Reserve for Income Tax and Contingencies and Balance of Profit and Loss		391,420,493	
Balances in Account with Subsidiary Banks	15,361,777		406,782,278
Acceptances and Endorsements, &c., for account of Customers		7,857,821	
Paid-up Capital		15,858,217	
Reserve Fund		10,250,000	
ASSETS.		£	£
Cash in hand, and with the Bank of England		52,045,728	
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection		13,259,189	
Money at Call and Short Notice		25,604,250	
Bills Discounted		60,695,872	
Investments in Subsidiary Banks (at cost, less amounts written off)		106,127,320	
The British Linen Bank—£1,239,744 Stock		3,719,232	
Union Bank of Manchester Limited—300,000 Shares of £2 each, £2 10s. paid		750,000	
Other Subsidiary Banks—(including fully paid Shares and 500,000 "B" Shares of £2 each, £1 per Share paid up, in Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) and 1,000,000 Shares of £1 each, 5s. per share paid up, in Barclays Bank (France) Limited)		2,538,341	
Advances to Customers and other Accounts		160,549,222	
Liability of Customers for Acceptances and Endorsements, &c.		7,857,821	
Bank Premises and Adjoining Properties (at cost, less amounts written off)		7,601,333	

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COMPANY MEETING**MICHAEL NAIRN AND GREENWICH****HIGHLY SATISFACTORY RESULTS**

The 14th annual general meeting of Michael Nairn and Greenwich, Ltd., was held on the 17th inst. at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Sir Michael Nairn, Bt. (chairman), in moving the adoption of the report, said the net revenue derived from investments, interest, etc., for the year ended 31st December last exceeded that of 1934, the figures being £252,088 this year, as against £230,290 for 1934.

The result for the past year as reflected in the accounts presented would, he thought, be considered as highly satisfactory. As he pointed out at the last annual meeting, this holding company for 12 years had maintained a steady dividend of 12½ per cent., but this year the directors were in a position to recommend not only a final dividend of 7½ per cent., making 12½ per cent. for the year, but also to recommend the payment of a cash bonus of 2½ per cent. As a result of the satisfactory nature of last year's trading of their associated companies, the directors had felt justified in recommending the payment of this bonus, and he felt sure that in following this course he would have the approval of the shareholders. (Hear, hear.) He was very glad to state that their subsidiary companies had shared in the increased industrial prosperity in this country in 1935, and he hoped and believed that the upward trend of trade would continue for many years.

Their oldest subsidiary company—Michael Nairn and Co., Ltd.—was founded in 1847, and the record of those 88 years had been one of steady progress and continued expansion. During that long period the floor covering trade had been completely transformed, but the Nairn Company had never failed to keep ahead of the times and had readily adapted its productions to modern requirements.

Major Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn, Bt., seconded the motion, which was unanimously approved.

COMPANY MEETING**THE NATIONAL BUILDING SOCIETY****EXPANSION OF ACTIVITIES**

At the eighty-sixth annual meeting of The National Building Society, held on the 17th inst. at Southern House, London, E.C., Mr. Geo. Elkington, J.P., F.R.I.B.A. (the chairman) congratulated members on the excellent financial position disclosed by the accounts. He stated that total assets on 31st October, 1935, were £7,281,737, an increase of £2,394,049. Subscriptions on share accounts were £4,288,133 and withdrawals £2,275,248. Members' capital stood at £24,594,089, an increase of £2,079,537. Advances on mortgage for the year, at £5,168,961, showed an increase of £476,575 over last year.

During the year interest was paid on capital invested prior to 1st June, 1933, at a rate of 4 per cent., free of tax, until 31st July 1935, and 3½ per cent., free of tax, thereafter. On capital invested subsequent to 1st June, 1933, and prior to 1st May, 1935, interest was paid at a rate of 3½ per cent., free of tax, until 31st July, 1935, and 3 per cent., free of tax, thereafter. On all new money invested after 1st May, 1935, the rate allowed was 3 per cent., free of tax.

The balance of profit was £1,131,435. Share interest absorbed £879,149, and the remainder had been dealt with by appropriating £8,196 to defray the balance of cost in the initial stages of the Staff Pension Scheme; writing off investments, £14,476; writing down premises by £2,500; and transferring £92,113 to reserve No. 2 and £125,000 to reserve No. 1, which now stood at £1,125,000. The chairman then referred to a further expansion in the activities of the Society whereby a number of agencies had been opened in England, Scotland and Northern Ireland. He also made reference to the increasing prosperity of the country and expressed the opinion that there would be a continuance in the demand for mortgage accommodation.

The report and accounts were adopted, and votes of thanks were accorded to the staff and chairman.

MOTORING**Motorists and Drink**

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

A Metropolitan magistrate's observations last week to the effect that he had come to the conclusion from personal experience that it was not safe for a motorist to drink at all premises rather a terrifying future for motorists.

If this view were universally accepted, social life in the country would be at an end. No one would venture even to drive himself to dinner with a neighbour, and the perils of attending a hunt ball or private dance would be so great that no one who had not a chauffeur or who did not wish to go to the extra expense of hiring a conveyance would take the risk.

I cannot subscribe to the view that absolute abstinence from alcohol is universally necessary before driving a car. On the other hand there may, of course, be people whose heads cannot withstand the effects of a single drink even when taken with food. It is the duty of these people to know themselves and to order their lives accordingly; but I cannot believe that they are not exceptional.

The truth of the matter, I think, is that a person charged with being drunk in charge of a car or under the influence of drink while driving not unnaturally understates the amount of liquor he has consumed. The man who admits to two small bitters is much more likely to have had four pints and probably a few whiskies as well, judging by the deplorable condition of most drivers who are arrested for having drunk too much.

Ascetic Life?

I do not think it can do the industry any good to frighten the law-abiding motorist by such statements as Mr. Dummett's, the magistrate in question. After all, no one is likely to buy a car if, in order to drive it, he has to live the ascetic life of a high wire-walker with consequences almost as dire should he deviate a hair's breadth from the narrow track.

I am not at all sure, in fact, that the case of the motoring offender is being handled in the best manner at the moment. Everyone is agreed that the drunken motorist must be stamped out; but whether long terms of imprisonment are in the best interests of the state is another matter.

To shut up a man away from the world and his work for a long time must be liable to ruin his whole career, which is most undesirable from the point of view of the state if he is really a decent citizen who has had an unfortunate lapse.

I am beginning to think that a much shorter term of imprisonment, with a maximum of six months whether manslaughter is involved or not would be better. To make up for the shorter period the prisoner's life in gaol could be made much more rigorous.

CINEMA**Du Maurier's Dream Fantasy**

BY MARK FORREST

PETER IBBETSON was the first of the three novels written by George Du Maurier and the picture, which succeeds *Top Hat* at the Carlton, is the second attempt which has been made to put this fantastic story upon the screen. It would be difficult to imagine a farther cry than that from an American revue to the dream existence of the young architect and his Duchess, and I am very doubtful whether a tenth of the people who enjoyed the former will even bother their heads to go and see the latter.

All three of Du Maurier's plots take a bit of swallowing and perhaps the most unreal of them is the one which serves for *Peter Ibbetson*, but the manner of his writing is such that long before the end of any of them one has ceased to worry about the whys and wherefores, and is content to accept his promise. In *Peter Ibbetson* this is that there can be so great a power of personal magnetism between two people that it outruns the ordinary boundaries of human life and creates a dream plane where actualities have no significance.

His Soul Remains

When they were children, Peter and the little girl, who becomes the Duchess of Towers, were playmates and sweethearts in Passy. Peter is rudely snatched away, but his soul remains in thrall to his childhood. He is apprenticed to an architect who sends him to the ducal mansion to reconstruct the stables; there he finds again the child of Passy who, like himself, is bound by the fetters of the past. They are one, and what they dream is one. They plan to escape together and the Duke is killed while trying to prevent them; for his part in this Peter is sent to prison for life while the Duchess remains alone in the Towers. But they met in their dreams until, after promising that she will find him again, the Duchess dies.

The picture starts inauspiciously with two American children whose accent is so much of to-day that yesterday is never within call. At the end of adolescence Gary Cooper and Ann Harding take over the rôles but, though they both play with great restraint, neither they nor the director make one believe in this story as the author does. Hollywood generally uses too heavy a hand to extract much, except the obvious, from fantasy, and this picture is no exception. The web is too solidly fashioned; what is needed is not material, but spiritual, progression.

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Robert Lynen
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BROADCASTING**Mistakes in Announcing**

BY ALAN HOWLAND

I NEVER derive any satisfaction from finding fault with the announcers. They are an underpaid and overworked body of men and I know from experience just how difficult their job is. There does, however, come a time when one is exasperated by the mixture of snobbishness and affectation which passes for announcing in this country.

A few days ago I listened to a news bulletin as dealt with by one of the more experienced announcers. During the course of thirty minutes he made more than half-a-dozen mistakes, all of them avoidable, and one at least of them utterly ludicrous. During the early days at Savoy Hill, a mistake in the news bulletin was invariably the subject for an inquest the following morning. The inquest was conducted by the then London Station Director who had very little patience for infantile bloomers. If the same announcer was continually guilty of verbal inaccuracies he found himself promoted to the studio-cleaning staff at an increased salary and an office to himself.

It Should Be Easy

Apparently that sort of thing does not happen nowadays since, on the evidence of the last few months alone, all the present announcers should have lost their jobs over and over again. It should be, and in fact is, easy for an educated man to read a piece of simple English without mispronouncing more than one word in twelve or violating the more important rules of syntax. Words of more than two syllables should not present any serious difficulties to carefully selected graduates of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. I am by now resigned to the mutilation of the final “a” in such words as “orchestra,” and “King’s Crawss” and the “Elbert Hall” are old favourites, but I find it difficult to excuse puerile mistakes which would not be made by any decently brought up youth of fourteen.

Again there seems to me no adequate reason for the snuffling and wheezing which goes on in front of the microphone. If an announcer is suffering from a cold or is afflicted with asthma, he should be relieved from duty and not allowed to whistle his bronchial way through what might be an important news bulletin.

It would pay some of our bright young graduates to listen to the continental announcers, to observe their clarity of diction, in whatever language, and to admire the purity of their accent. Possibly announcers on the Continent receive higher wages, I do not know. All I know is that for pedantry, mannerisms, inaccuracy and chronic bronchitis, the English announcer is hard to beat. But what can you expect for five pounds a week?